THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Timon, *A noble* Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon.

Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*

Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*

Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*

Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

Two ſervants of Varro, *and the ſervant of* Iſidore; *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*

Cupid *and Maſkers. Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoining.*

TIMON OF ATHENS[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and Others, at ſeveral doors*[2].

Poet. Good day, ſir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

[1] The ſtory of the Miſanthrope is told in almoſt every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakſpeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleaſure*, and the *Engliſh Plutarch*. Indeed from a paſſage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the ſtage. FARMER.

Shakſpeare undoubtedly formed this play on the paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the firſt volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*; becauſe he is there merely deſcribed as "a man-hater, of a ſtrange and beaſtly nature," without any cauſe aſſigned; whereas Plutarch furniſhed our authour with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forſook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—ſaying, that he would lead Timon's life, becauſe he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulneſs of thoſe he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would truſt no man.*"

To the manuſcript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our authour, I have no doubt, was alſo indebted for ſome other circumſtances. Here he found the faithful ſteward, the banquet-ſcene, and the ſtory of Timon's being poſſeſſed of great ſums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumſtance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no tranſlation of the dialogue that relates to this ſubject.

Spon ſays, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Paſquil and Katharine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as ſociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the alluſion is ſo ſlight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconſiderable obligations, has in his poſſeſſion a Mſ. play on this ſubject. It appears to have been written, or tranſcribed, about the year 1600. There is a ſcene in it reſembling Shakſpeare's banquet given

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, ſir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what ſtrange [3],

given by Timon to his flatterers. Inſtead of *warm water* he ſets before them *ſtones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods attended by his faithful ſteward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has diſguiſed himſelf to continue his ſervices to his maſter. Timon, in the laſt act is followed by his fickle miſtreſs, &c. after he was reported to have diſcovered a hidden treaſure by digging. The piece itſelf (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *perſonæ dramatis* are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.
Laches, his faithful ſervant.
Eutrapelus, a diſſolute young man.
Gelaſimus, a cittie heyre.
Pſeudocheus, a lying travailer.
Demeas, an orator.
Philargurus, a covetous churliſh ould man.
Hermogenes, a fidler.
Abyſſus, an uſurer.
Lollio, a countrey clowne, Philargurus' ſonne.
Stilpo, } Two lying philoſophers.
Speuſippus, }
Grunnio, a lean ſervant of Philargurus.
Obba, Tymon's butler.
Pœdio, Gelaſimus' page.
Two ſerjeants.
A ſailor.
Callimela, Philargurus' daughter.
Blatte, her prattling nurſe.

SCENE, Athens. STEEVENS.

[2] In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and* Mercer, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[3] *But what particular rarity?* &c.] Dr. Johnſon, becauſe "the poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer," would give the word *ſee* in his ſpeech to the painter. But there is, in my opinion, not the leaſt occaſion for ſuch a licentious regulation of the text. The poet is led *by what the painter has ſaid*, to aſk whether any thing very ſtrange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any ſuch had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an anſwer by obſerving ſo many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This ſurely is very natural. MALONE.

I can by no means approve of the arrangement propoſed by Dr. Johnſon; for as the poet and the painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be ſtrange if the latter ſhould point out to the former, as *a particular rarity which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the ſame errand. MASON.

Which

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness[4]:
He passes[5].

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate[6]: But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence*[7] *have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes[9]
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

[4] — *breath'd as it were,*
To an untirable and continuate *goodness:*] *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice;* so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

— *continuate*—] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman in his version of the 4th book of the *Odyssey:*

" Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell." STEEVENS.

[5] *He* passes.] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor:*

" Why this *passes*, master Ford." STEEVENS.

[6] — *touch the estimate:*—] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

[7] *When we for recompence,* &c.] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

[9] — *which* oozes—] The folio copy reads—*which* uses. The modern editors have given it—*which* issues. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads—*Our poesie* is *as a* gowne *which* uses. STEEVENS.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

Each

Each bound it chafes [1]. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, ſir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment [2], ſir. Let's ſee your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent [3].

Pain.

[1] — *and, like the current, flies*
Each bound it chafes.] This ſpeech of the poet is very obſcure. He ſeems to boaſt the copiouſneſs and facility of his vein, by declaring that verſes drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itſelf without the violence neceſſary to elicit ſparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itſelf notwithſtanding all obſtructions: but the images in the compariſon are ſo ill-ſorted, and the effect ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that I cannot but think ſomething omitted that connected the laſt ſentence with the former. It is well known that the players often ſhorten ſpeeches to quicken the repreſentation: and it may be ſuſpected, that they ſometimes performed their amputations with more haſte than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is, that having *touched on one ſubject, it flies off in queſt of another*. The old copy ſeems to read:

Each bound it chaſes.

The letters *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed from each other, eſpecially when the types have been much worn, as in the firſt folio. If *chaſes* be the true reading, it is beſt explained by the "—*ſi ſequiturque fugitque*—" of the Roman poet.

Some what ſimilar occurs in *the Tempeſt*:

"Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
"When he purſues." STEEVENS.

In *Julius Cæſar*, we have—

"The troubled Tyber *chafing* with her ſhores,—".

Again, *in The Legend of Pierce Gaveſton*, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

"Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds*
"With raging billowes *flies* againſt the rocks,
"And to the ſhore ſends forth his hideous ſounds," &c.
MALONE.

[2] *Upon the heels of my preſentment,*] As ſoon as my book has been preſented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

The patrons of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, becauſe *forty ſhillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will beſtow on theſe matters." Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It ſhould however be remembered, that forty ſhillings at that time were equal to at leaſt ſix, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

[3] — *this* comes off *well and excellent.*] The meaning is: The figure riſes well from the canvas. *C'eſt bien relevé*. JOHNSON.

What

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding[4]? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret[5].

What is meant by this term of applauſe I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton: "It *comes off* very fair yet." Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: "Put a good tale in his ear, ſo that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horſe and man for us, I warrant thee."

Again, in the firſt part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"*Flu.* Faith, thy ſong will ſeem to *come off* hardly.

"*Catz.* Not a whit, if you ſeem to come off quickly."

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *how this* grace
Speaks his own ſtanding?] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it ſtands judiciouſly on its own centre. And not only ſo, but that it has a graceful ſtanding likewiſe. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of another picture, ſays:

"A *ſtation* like the herald, Mercury,
"New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill."

which lines Milton ſeems to have had in view, where he ſays of Raphael:

"At once on th' eaſtern *cliff of Paradiſe*
"He *lights*, and to his proper ſhape returns,
"—— *Like Maia's ſon he ſtood.*" WARBURTON.

This ſentence ſeems to me obſcure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding*, is only, *The gracefulneſs of this figure ſhews how it ſtands*. I am inclined to think ſomething corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

—— *how this* ſtanding
Speaks his own graces?

How this poſture diſplays its own *gracefulneſs*. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propoſe to read:

—— *how this grace*
Speaks underſtanding? *what a mental power*
This eye ſhoots forth? JOHNSON.

The paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it ſtands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixture. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act. II. ſc. iv:

"—— never ſaw I figures
"So likely to *report themſelves.*" STEEVENS.

[5] — *to the dumbneſs of the geſture*
One might interpret.] The figure, though dumb, ſeems to have a capacity of ſpeech. The alluſion is to the puppet-ſhows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The perſon who ſpoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. v. MALONE.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and paſs over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The ſenators of Athens;—Happy men [7]!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors [8].
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly [9], but moves itſelf

[6] — *artificial* ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.] *Strife* is either the conteſt of art with nature;
" *Hic ille eſt* Raphael, *timuit, quo ſoſpite vinci*
" *Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*"
or it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. JOHNSON.
So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:
" Faithorne, with nature at a noble *ſtrife*,
" Hath paid the author a great ſhare of life," &c. STEEVENS.
That *artificial ſtrife* means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, *the conteſt of art with nature*, and not *the contraſt of forms* or *oppoſition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the ſame thought is more clearly expreſſed:
" Look, when a *painter* would *ſurpaſs* the *life*,
" In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
" His *art* with *nature's workmanſhip* at *ſtrife*,
" As if the *dead* the *living* ſhould exceed;
" So did this horſe excell," &c.
In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Barons' Wars*,) there are two lines nearly reſembling theſe:
" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As *art* therein *with nature* were *at ſtrife*." MALONE.

[7] — *Happy* men!] I think we had better read—*Happy* man! It is the happineſs of *Timon*, and not of the ſenators, upon which the Poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.
Mr. Theobald reads—happy *man*; and certainly the emendation is ſufficiently plauſible, though the old reading may well ſtand. MALONE.

[8] *This confluence, this great flood of viſitors.*]
" *Mane ſalutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam.*" JOHNSON.

[9] *Halts not particularly,*] My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle characters. JOHNSON.

In

In a wide ſea of wax [1]: no levell'd malice [2]
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you [3].
You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures [4], as
Of grave and auſtere quality,) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer [5]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf: even he drops down
The knee before him [6], and returns in peace

[1] *In a wide ſea of wax:*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtile. HANMER.

I once thought with Hanmer that this was only an alluſion to the Roman practice of writing with a ſtyle on waxen tablets; but it appears that the ſame cuſtom prevailed in England about the year 1395. It ſeems alſo to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate eſtabliſhments. See Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Aſtle obſerves in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progreſs of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aſide till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakſpeare, I believe, was not a very profound Engliſh antiquary, it is ſurely improbable that he ſhould have had any knowledge of a practice which had been diſuſed for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Tranſlation of the ninth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*:

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

[2] — *no* levell'd *malice*] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the ſhot at a mark. Shakſpeare's meaning is, my poem is not a ſatire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any ſingle perſon; I fly like an eagle into the general expanſe of life, and leave not, by any private miſchief, the trace of my paſſage. JOHNSON.

[3] *I'll unbolt*—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

[4] — *glib and ſlippery creatures*,—] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read—*natures*. *Slippery* is *ſmooth*, unreſiſting. JOHNSON.

[5] — *glaſs-fac'd flatterer*—] That ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[6] — *even he drops down*, &c. Either Shakſpeare meant to put a falſhood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

Moſt

Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts [7], all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates [8]: amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady [9] fix'd,
One do I perſonate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waſts to her;
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope [1].
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition [2].

Poet. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear [3],
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air [4].

[7] — rank'd *with all deſerts,*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[8] *To* propagate *their ſtates:*] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

[9] *Feign'd* Fortune *to be thron'd:* —
—— *on this* ſovereign lady, &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt:*
" bountiful *Fortune,*
" Now *my dear lady,*" &c. MALONE.

[1] — *conceiv'd to ſcope.*] Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[2] *In our* condition.] *Condition,* for art. WARBURTON.

[3] *Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,*] Whiſperings attended with ſuch reſpect and veneration as accompany ſacrifices to the gods. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the meaning. MALONE.

[4] —— *through him*
Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondneſs. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" His noſtrils *drink the air.*"
Again, in *The Tempeſt:*
" I *drink the air* before me." MALONE.

Pain.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down [5],
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew [6],
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune's [7]
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew lord Timon, that mean eyes [8] have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the ſervant of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort [9].

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me [1]. I do know him

[5] — *let him* ſlip *down,*] The old copy reads—*let him* ſit *down.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[6] *A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,*] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend in this dialogue to expreſs ſome competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himſelf to have ſhewn, the painter thinks he could have ſhewn better. JOHNSON.

[7] — *theſe quick blows of* fortune's—] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time, as I have already obſerved in a note on *K. John.* The modern editors read, more elegantly,—*of fortune.* The alteration was firſt made in the ſecond Folio, from ignorance of Shakſpeare's diction. MALONE.

[8] — *mean eyes*—] i. e. inferior ſpectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the laſt, 1613: "Before their majeſties, and almoſt as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

[9] Periods, *&c.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakſpeare's introduction into the Engliſh language. I find it however uſed by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Loſt*, 1634:

"How eaſy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain grievings." STEEVENS.

[1] — *when he muſt need me.*] When he cannot but want my aſſiſtance. I once idly conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote—When he *muſt needs* me; and ſo, I have ſince found, the third folio reads: but if ſuch capricious innovations were to be admitted, every line in theſe plays might be changed. MALONE.

A gentleman,

A gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up [2],
But to ſupport him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happineſs to your honour [3]! xit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have ſo: What of him?

Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon [4]:

His

[2] *'Tis not enough*, &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on archbiſhop Boulter:

" —— He thought it mean
" Only to help the poor to beg again." Johnson.

[3] — *your honour!*] The common addreſs to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently uſed with your lordſhip. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. Steevens.

[4] *Therefore* he will be, *Timon:*] Therefore he will continue to be ſo,

His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to* Lucil.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chooſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

ſo, and is ſure of being ſufficiently rewarded by the conſciouſneſs of virtue; he does not need the additional bleſſing of a beautiful and accompliſhed wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to ſay that Lucilius will ſtill continue to be virtuous, what occaſion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakſpeare write *by the card.* The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honeſt in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— May he continue
" Long in his highneſs' favour; *and do juſtice*
" *For truth's ſake and his conſcience.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— This hath been
" Your faithful ſervant; I dare lay mine honour,
" He will remain ſo." STEEVENS.

I rather think an emendation neceſſary, and read:

Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf.

That is, *If he is honeſt*, bene ſit illi, *I wiſh him the proper happineſs of an honeſt man, but his honeſty gives him no claim to my daughter.* The firſt tranſcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not underſtanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you[5]! [*Exeunt* Luc. *and old* Ath.

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out[6]. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite[7].

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters[8]: believe it, dear lord,

[5] —— *never may*
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd *to you!*] The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

So Lady Macbeth ſays to Duncan:

" Your ſervants ever
" Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
" To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
" Still to return *your own.*" MALONE.

[6] — *pencil'd figures are*
Even ſuch as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be. JOHNSON.

[7] — unclew *me quite.*] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

[8] *Are prized by their maſters:*] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. JOHNSON.

You

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue, Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS[9].

Jew. We will bear, with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow; When thou art Timon's dog[1], and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'ſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likeſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

[9] *Enter* Apemantus.] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philoſophers*; and how well Shakſpeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

[1] *When thou art Timon's dog,*] When thou haſt gotten a better character, and inſtead of being Timon, as thou art, ſhalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become worthy of kindneſs and ſalutation. JOHNSON.

Apemantus, I think, means to ſay, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that ſhall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the ſhape of his dog, and his knaviſh followers become honeſt men. Stay for thy good morrow, ſays he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the ſame time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

When thou art Timon's dog,] This is ſpoken διατυπῶς, as Mr. Upton ſays ſomewhere:—ſtriking his hand on his breaſt.

"Wot you who named me firſt the kinge's dogge?" ſays Ariſtippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Apem.

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing [2], which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay,

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[3]—Art thou not a merchant?

Mer.

[2] *Not so well as plain-dealing,*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that use it die beggars." STEEVENS.

[3] *That I had* no angry *wit, to be a lord*] The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing. JOHNSON.

If

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and ſome twenty horſe,
All of companionſhip[4].
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; when dinner is done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir!
Apem. So, ſo; there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves,
And all this courteſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the ſmalleſt degree of confidence. By *an angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The ſenſe will then be this: *I ſhould hate myſelf, becauſe I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my ſtead.* The *Reviſal* reads:

That I had ſo wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.* STEEVENS.

I believe Shakſpeare was thinking of the common expreſſion—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty ariſes here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt ſentences. Our author, I ſuppoſe, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!—
Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is aſked, why after having wiſhed to be a lord, he ſhould hate himſelf. He replies, For this reaſon; that I *had no wit* [or diſcretion] *in my anger*, but was abſurd enough to wiſh myſelf one of that ſet of men, whom I deſpiſe. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not ſo much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this paſſage has been hitherto exhibited.

Wit, in the ſenſe of a witty or ingenious *perſon*, was not, I ſuſpect, the language of Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

[4] *All of companionſhip.*] This expreſſion does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all ſuch as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and ſets on a level with himſelf.* STEEVENS.

Into

Into baboon and monkey [5].

Alc. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungrily on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, ſir:
Ere we depart [6], we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

1. *Lord.* That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omit'ſt it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feaſt?

Apem. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'ſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the aſs. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* He's oppoſite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed [7], but he repays

[5] — *The ſtrain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhauſted and degenerated; his *ſtrain* or lineage is worn down into monkey. JOHNSON.

[6] *Ere we* depart,—] *Depart* and *part* have the ſame meaning.
" Hath willingly *departed* with a part." *King John.*
i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in queſtion.
STEEVENS.

[7] — *no* meed,] *Meed*, which in general ſignifies reward or recompence, in this place ſeems to mean *deſert*. So, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:
" Thou ſhalt be rich in honour, full of ſpeed;
" Thou ſhalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."
STEEVENS.

Sevenfold

Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance [8].

1. *Lord.* The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A State-Room in Timon's *houſe.*

Hautboys playing loud muſick. A great banquet ſerved in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then Enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* VENTIDIUS *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius: you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair [9].

Ven.

[8] *All uſe of quittance.*] i. e. All the cuſtomary returns made in diſcharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

[9] *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare,*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich are fair.] Dr. Warburton, with his uſual love of innovation, tranſfers the laſt word of the firſt of theſe lines, and the whole of the ſecond to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved that this cannot have been Shakſpeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to addreſs Timon perſonally, who muſt therefore have ſeen and heard him; whereas it appears from a ſubſequent ſpeech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he ſalutes him with ſome ſurprize—"O, Apemantus!—you are welcome."

The

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on* Timon.

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They ſit.*

1. *Lord.* My lord, we always have confeſs'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not[1]?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, *ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond' man is ever angry[2].
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,

The term—*our betters*, being uſed by the inferior claſſes of men when they ſpeak of their ſuperiors in the ſtate, Shakſpeare uſes theſe words, with his uſual laxity, to expreſs perſons of high rank and fortune. Dr. Warburton idly ſuppoſes, he meant the gods. MALONE.

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſion they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harſh, becauſe to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich perſons, and which contribute to the increaſe of riches, wear a plauſible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithſtanding. HEATH.

[1] — *confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There ſeems to be ſome alluſion here to a common proverbial ſaying of Shakſpeare's time: "Confeſs and be hang'd." See *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i. MALONE.

[2] *But yond' man is ever angry.*] The old copy has—very *angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—But yon man is very *anger*; i. e. anger itſelf, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril *, Timon;
I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myſelf would have no power [3]; 'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter thee [4].—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood [5]; and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men;
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals;
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes [6]:

Great

* — *at thine* own peril,—] The old copy reads—at thine *apperil*. I have not been able to find ſuch a word in any dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] — *I myſelf would have no power;*] Theſe words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being maſter of the houſe: I wiſh not by my commands to impoſe ſilence on any one: but though I myſelf do not enjoin you to ſilence, let my meat ſtop your mouth.* MALONE.

I underſtand Timon's meaning to be: *I myſelf would have no power* to make thee ſilent, but I wiſh thou would'ſt *let my meat make thee ſilent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, diſclaims *all power* over the meaneſt or moſt troubleſome of his gueſts. TYRWHITT.

[4] *I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,* for *I ſhould Ne'er flatter thee.*—] The meaning is, I could not ſwallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would ſtick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*:
" — Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

[5] —— *ſo many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;] The alluſion is to a pack of hounds trained to purſuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chaſe. JOHNSON.

[6] — *wind-pipe's dangerous* notes:] The notes of the wind-pipe ſeem

Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats."

Tim. My lord, in heart[7]; and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Thoſe healths * will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

ſeem to be only the indications which ſhew where the wind-pipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of making uſe of muſical terms, when he is ſpeaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* ſavour ſtrongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[7] *My lord, in heart;*] That is, *my lord's health with ſincerity.* An emendation has been propoſed thus:

My love *in heart;*—

but it is not neceſſary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"I will be never more *in heart* to you."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. i:

"— *in heart* deſiring ſtill
"You may behold," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"—— Doſt thou not wiſh *in heart*,
"The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?" STEEVENS.

* — *Timon,*
Theſe healths—] This ſpeech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as proſe in the old copy; nor could it be exhibited as verſe but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its preſent place. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and ſo have been miſplaced. Yet, after all, I ſuſpect many of the ſpeeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a looſe kind of metre, were intended by the author as proſe; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

Much

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. 'Would all thoſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect [8].

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart [9]? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you [1]. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of them? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and [2] would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits;

[8] — *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs. JOHNSON.

[9] — *why have you that* charitable *title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] *Charitable* ſignifies, dear, endearing. So Milton:

" Relations dear, and all the *charities*
" Of father, ſon, and brother—".

Alms, in Engliſh, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our anceſtors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving conſiſted; not in the *act*, but the *diſpoſition*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this. Why are you diſtinguiſhed from thouſands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourſe of tenderneſs between you and me. JOHNSON.

[1] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

[2] — *were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and*—] This paſſage I have reſtored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born [3]! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks [4]: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink [5], Timon.

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, like a babe [6] ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3. *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

[3] *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, ſupplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he ſeldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleaſure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, deſtroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully poſſeſſed. JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
" And in their triumph die."

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

[5] — *to make them drink,*] The covert ſenſe of Apemantus is, *what thou loſeſt, they get.* JOHNSON.

[6] — *like a babe*—] That is, a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare meant the propriety of alluſion to be carried quite ſo far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expreſſion. So, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by Heywood, 1636:

" Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B and Fletcher:

" — Can you *look babies*, ſiſter,
" In the young gallant's eyes?" STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumſtances preceding the birth, and mean, joy was conceived in their eyes, and ſprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception* in the preceding line ſhews, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this paſſage is the true one.

We have a ſimilar imagery in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" — and, almoſt like the gods,
" Does *thoughts* unveil *in their* dumb *cradles.*" MALONE.

Apem.

Apem. Much[7]! [*Tucket ſounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taſte!—The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
The ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe[8];
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—
Muſick, make their welcome[9]. [*Exit* CUPID.

7 *Much!*] Apemantus means to ſay, That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expreſſion of admiration. MALONE.

8 *The ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe;*] The old copy reads:

There taſte, touch, all, &c.

The word *There* was corrected, and the word *ſmell* inſerted by Dr. Warburton. He and the ſubſequent editors omit the word *all*; but omiſſion is the moſt dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word *There* ſhews that *The ear* was intended to be contracted into one ſyllable; and *table* alſo was probably uſed as taking up only the time of a monoſyllable. MALONE.

The five ſenſes, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing*, *taſte*, *touch*, and *ſmell*, are all feaſted at thy board; and theſe ladies come with me to entertain your *ſight* in a maſque. Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the paſſage from Shakſpeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, ſpeaking of a banquet, he ſays:

" ——— *All that may be had*
" *To pleaſe the* eye, *the* ear, taſte, touch, *or* ſmell,
" *Are carefully provided.*" WARBURTON.

9 *Muſick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Muſick, make *known* their welcome.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" We will require her welcome,—
" *Pronounce* it for me, ſir, to all our friends." STEEVENS.

1. *Lord.* You ſee, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter CUPID, *with a maſque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance[1]! they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root[2].
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift[3]?
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; *and, to ſhew their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto it, and luſtre,

[1] *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read,
Theſe *are mad women.* TYRWHITT.

[2] *Like madneſs is the glory of this life,*
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not expreſs *reſemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to ſay that the glory of this life was like madneſs, but it was *juſt as much madneſs* in the eye of reaſon, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repaſt of a philoſopher. MASON.

[3] — *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

And

And entertain'd me with mine own device [4];
I am to thank you for it.

1. *Lady.* My lord [5], you take us even at the beſt [6].

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you [7].
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All Lad. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in his humour; [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, an he could [8].

'Tis

[4] — *mine own device;* The maſk appears to have been deſign'd by Timon to ſurpriſe his gueſts. JOHNSON.

[5] 1. Lady. *My lord;*] This ſpeech, which in the old copy is given to the firſt lord, has been transferred to the firſt lady, on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves that *L* only was probably ſet down in the MS. His conjecture is well founded; for that abbreviation is uſed in the old copy in this very ſcene, and in many other places. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as Mr. Steevens has remarked, propoſed the ſame emendation. The next ſpeech, however coarſe the alluſion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

[6] — even *at the beſt.*] Perhaps we ſhould read,

—— ever *at the beſt.*

So, Act III. ſc. vi.

Ever *at the beſt.* TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the beſt, I believe, means, you have ſeen the beſt we can do. They are ſuppoſed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in ſuch a confeſſion. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the faireſt of us," (to uſe the words of Lucullus in a ſubſequent ſcene:) you have eſtimated us too highly, perhaps above our deſerts. So Spenſer, *F. Q.* B. VI. c. 9:

"He would commend his guift, and *make the beſt.*" MALONE.

[7] — *there is an idle banquet attends you.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"We have a *fooliſh trifling* ſupper towards." STEEVENS.

[8] — *he'd be* croſs'd *then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *croſs'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver penny, uſed before King Edward the firſt's time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings.

From

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind [9];
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind [1].

[*Exit, and returns, with the caſket.*

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

2. *Lord.* Our horſes.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt
Entreat you, honour me ſo much, as to
Advance this jewel [2]; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1. *Lord.* I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate
Newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how. [*Aſide.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath preſented to you
Four milk-white horſes, trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expreſſion derived, *I have not a* croſs *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the ſenſes intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wiſh that it were poſſible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not *thwart* him in his career of prodigality. MALONE.

[9] — *eyes behind*;] To ſee the miſeries that are following her. JOHNSON.

[1] — *for his mind.*] For nobleneſs of ſoul. JOHNSON.

[2] — *to*
Advance *this jewel*;] To prefer it; to raiſe it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

3. *Serv.*

3. *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has ſent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aſide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O, he is the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on: it is yours, becauſe you liked it.

2. *Lord.* O, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true [3]. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations

[3] I *tell you true.*] The old copy reads—*I'll* tell you true. The correction was made by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

So

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms[4] to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. Ay, defiled land[5], my lord.

1. *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,—

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you[6].—Lights, more lights.

1. *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords*, &c.

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks[7], and jutting out of bums!
I doubt

[4] —*'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms—] What I have already given, ſays Timon, is not ſufficient on the occaſion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. I could diſpenſe them on every ſide with an ungrudging diſtribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

[5] *Ay, defiled land,*—] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his eſtate lieth in a* pitch'd *field*. Now *pitch*, as Falſtaff ſays, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his eſtate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not underſtood, and all the editors publiſhed:

" I defy *land*,—. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the ſecond folio made the abſurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[6] *All to you.*] i. e. all good wiſhes, or all happineſs to you. So, *Macbeth*:

" *All to all.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Serving of* becks,] *Beck* means a ſalutation made with the head. So Milton:

" Nods and *becks*, and wreathed ſmiles."

To *ſerve a beck*, is to offer a ſalutation. JOHNSON.

To *ſerve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.* Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

" And with a low *beck*
" Prevent a ſharp check."

In *Merry Tricks or Ram-Alley*, 1611, I find the ſame word:

" I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."

Again,

I doubt, whether their legs[8] be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly[9]:
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn, not to give regard to you. Farewel; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven[1] from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"——wanton looks,
"And privy *becks*, favouring incontinence."

Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."

It happens then that the word *beck* has no leſs than four diſtinct ſignifications. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *ſmall ſtreams of water*. In Shakſpeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—*a ſign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lylly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*. STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

"And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.

TYRWHITT.

[8] *I doubt, whether their* legs, &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it ſignifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeiſance*. JOHNSON.

[9] —*I fear me, thou*
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper *ſhortly:*] i. e. be ruined by his ſecurities entered into. WARBURTON.

[1] *Thy heaven*—] The pleaſure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

Apemantus never intended in any event to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By his *heaven*, he means good advice, the only thing by which he could be ſaved. The following lines confirm this explanation. MASON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in a Senator's *Houſe.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thouſand to Varro; and to Iſidore,
He owes nine thouſand;—beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I will ſell my horſe, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon,
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,
And able horſes[2]: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that ſmiles[3], and ſtill invites

[2] — *it foals* me, *ſtraight,*
And able horſes:] *If I give my horſe to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces* more, *but* able *horſes.* The ſame conſtruction occurs in *Much ado about Nothing:* "—and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones* too." Something ſimilar occurs alſo in B. and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

"—— ſome twenty young and handſome,
"As alſo able maids, for the court and ſervice." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were tranſpoſed at the preſs. Shakſpeare might have written:

—— it foals *'em* ſtraight,
And able horſes.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is underſtood here after *me.*

We have had this ſentiment differently expreſſed in the preceding act:

"—— no meed but he repays
"Seven-fold above itſelf; no gift to him,
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding
"All uſe of quittance." MALONE.

[3] —*No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that ſmiles, &c.] I imagine that a line is loſt here, in which the behaviour of a ſurly porter was deſcribed. JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion to ſuppoſe the loſs of a line. *Sternneſs* was the characteriſtick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth caſtle, [1575,] "a *porter*, tall of perſon, big of lim, and *ſtearn* of *countinaunce.*" FARMER.

The word *one* in the ſecond line does not refer to *porter*, but means a perſon. He has no ſtern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a perſon who invites them in. MASON.

All

All that paſs by. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety[4]. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, ſir; What is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[5]
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when—
Commend me to your maſter—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, ſirrah*,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull[6],

[4] —*no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*] In my copy of the firſt folio the word appears to be *found*. I have printed *found* for the reaſon aſſigned by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

The ſuppoſed meaning of "Can *found* his ſtate," &c. muſt be, *No reaſon*, by *founding*, fathoming, or trying, *his* ſtate, can find it *ſafe*. But as the words ſtand, they imply, that *no reaſon can* ſafely *found his ſtate*. I read thus:

——— *no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*

Reaſon cannot find his fortune to have any *ſafe* or ſolid *foundation*.

The types of the firſt printer of this play were ſo worn and defaced, that *f* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[5] —*be not* ceas'd] i. e. ſtopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Why ſhould Tiberius' liberty be *ceas'd*." STEEVENS.

* —*ſirrah*,] was added for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] —*a naked* gull,] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is ſuppoſed to be for the richneſs of its plumage. STEEVENS.

Which

Which flashes[7] now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt[8].

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind[9].
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter

[7] Which *flashes*, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

[8] —*take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.] The old copy reads—have the dates in. *Come.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"
STEEVENS.

[9] —*Never mind*
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhime. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

—— *Never mind*
Was [made] *to be so unwise,* [in order] *to be so kind.*
i. e. Nature,

Enter CAPHIS, *and the ſervants of* Iſidore *and* Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro[1]: What,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Iſidore?
Iſid. Serv. It is ſo.
Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuſe mind, never before endowed any man with ſo large a ſhare of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expreſſion, converſation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks" JOHNSON.

[1] *Good even, Varro:*] It is obſervable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as ſoon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repaſt. I do not ſuppoſe the paſſage corrupt: ſuch inadvertencies neither author nor editor can eſcape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Iſidore ſink a few lines afterwards into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In like manner in the fourth ſcene of the next act the ſervant of Lucius is called by his maſter's name; but our author's intention is ſufficiently manifeſted by the ſtage-direction in the fourth ſcene of the third act, where we find in the firſt folio, (p. 86. col. 2) "Enter Varro's *man*, meeting others." I have therefore in the preſent edition always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the maſter. MALONE.

In the old copy it ſtands: *Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.* STEEV.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *Good den*, was the uſual ſalutation from *noon*, the moment that Good-morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act. II. ſc. iv:

"*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen,
"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.
"*Nur.* Is it *good den?*
"*Merc.* 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the ..... hand of the dial is now upon .... *noon.*"

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act. I. ſc. i. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of this wide ſenſe of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turn'd of *noon*. TYRWHITT.

Enter

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again[2],
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Caph. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit[3],
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—
Iſid. Serv. From Iſidore;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—
Varl. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt.—
Iſid. Serv. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord;
And I am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *and Lords.*

[2] —*we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diverſion we find by Flavius's ſpeech he was juſt returned. It may be here obſerved, that in our author's time it was the cuſtom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth Caſtle*, we find that Queen Elizabeth always while there, hunted in the afternoon, "Monday was hot, and therefore her highneſs kept in till *five o'clock* in the evening; what time it pleaſed her to ryde forth into the chaſe, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after ſore chaſed," &c. Again: "Monday the 18th of this July, the weather being hot, her highneſs kept the caſtle for coolneſs till about *five o'clock*; her majeſty in the chaſe hunted the hart (as before) of fors." So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592, Act II. ſc. i:

'He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

[3] *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*to* Flavius.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds[4],
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* Timon.

Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit.* Flavius.

Enter Apemantus, *and a Fool*[5].

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. Serv. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf.—Come away. [*To the* Fool.

Iſid. Serv. [*to* Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

[4] —*of* date-*broken bonds*,] The old copy reads—of *debt* broken bonds. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable; to which I ſhould not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that ſome emendation is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to be eſtabliſhed beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding ſcene:

" And my reliances on his *fracted dates*."

The tranſcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word, *debt*. Malone.

[5] *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or ſome other courteſan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. Johnson.

Apem.

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.—Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want[6]!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me, what you are, and do not know yourſelves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are[7]. 'Would, we could ſee you at Corinth[8].

Apem. Good! gramercy.

[6] *Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds*, &c.] This is ſaid ſo abruptly, that I am inclined to think it miſplaced, and would regulate the paſſage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Aſſes.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak*, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the paſſage tranſpoſed was forgot in the copy, and inſerted in the margin, perhaps, a little beſide the proper place, which the tranſcriber wanting either ſkill or care to obſerve, wrote it where it now ſtands. JOHNSON.

The tranſpoſition propoſed is unneceſſary. Apemantus does not addreſs theſe words to any of the others, but mutters them to himſelf; ſo that they do not enter into the dialogue or compoſe a part of it. MASON.

[7] *She's e'en ſetting on water to* ſcald, &c.] The old name for the diſeaſe got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a ſenſe of *ſcalding* is one of its firſt ſymptoms. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Maſſinger:

" ——look parboil'd
" As if they came from Cupid's *ſcalding* houſe." STEEVENS.

[8] *'Would we could ſee you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-houſe, I ſuppoſe, from the diſſoluteneſs of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has theſe words: " CORINTHI *ſuper mille proſtitutæ in templo Veneris aſſiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæſtui meretricio operam dare, et velut ſacrorum miniſtræ Deæ famulari ſolebant.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, ſays: " Or ſearching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has loſt himſelf, and raps up, without pity, the ſage and rheumatick old prelateſs, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for ſuch a one." WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs' page[9].

Page. [*to the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company?—How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Even ſo, thou out-run'ſt grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they ſerved us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerved thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

[9] —*my* miſtreſs' *page.*] In the firſt paſſage the Fool ſpeaks of his *maſter*, in the ſecond [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *miſtreſs*. In the old copy it is *maſter* in both places. It ſhould rather, perhaps, be *miſtreſs* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding paſſage:

" *All.* How does your *miſtreſs?*"

" *Fool.* My *miſtreſs* is one, and I am her fool." STEEVENS.

I have not heſitated to print *miſtreſs* in both places. *Maſter* was frequently printed in the old copy inſtead of *miſtreſs*, and *vice verſa*, from the ancient mode of writing an M. only, which ſtood in the Mſs. of Shakſpeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyiſt or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

" Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him."

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

" What ho, M. [*Maſter*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Miſtreſs*] Lorenzo."

Fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs' houſe[1] merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than his artificial one[2]: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apementus.

All. Serv. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Fla. Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

[1] —*my* miſtreſs' houſe—] Here again the old copy reads—*maſter's*. I have corrected it for the reaſon already aſſigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had ſilently made the ſame emendation; but in ſubſequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again reſtored. MALONE.

[2] —*his artificial one:*] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent man who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. STEEVENS.

Flav.

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs made your miniſter[3],
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.
Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much*, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greateſt of your having[4] lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. Let all my land be ſold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning[5]?

Tim.

[3] —*made your miniſter,*] The conſtruction is: *And made that unaptneſs your miniſter.* MALONE.

* *Return* ſo much,—] He does not mean ſo *great* a ſum, but a certain ſum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uſes this kind of expreſſion. See a note on the words—" with *ſo many* talents." MALONE.

[4] *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*
The greateſt of your having, &c.] Though you now *at laſt* liſten to my remonſtrances, yet now your affairs are in ſuch a ſtate that the whole of your remaining fortune will ſcarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wiſe too late. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time,—

and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. But it is certainly unneceſſary. MALONE.

[5] *What ſhall defend the interim? and at length*
How goes our reckoning?] How will you be able to ſubſiſt in the time intervening between the payment of the preſent demands (which your

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word[6];
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſhood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders[7]; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock[8],
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

your whole ſubſtance will hardly ſatisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatſoever; and finally on the ſettlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

[6] *O my good lord, the world is but a word;*] The meaning is, as the *world* itſelf may be compriſed in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

[7] *With riotous* feeders;] *Feeders* are ſervants, whoſe low debaucheries are practiſed in the *offices* of a houſe. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc xi: "—one who looks on *feeders*." It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houſes of offices*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

"*Houſes of office* ſtuffed with plentee
"Ther mayſt thou ſee of deinteous vittaille." STEEVENS.

[8] —*a waſteful cock*,] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock*, ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe. HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently miſtaken. A *waſteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte*. In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*, or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the preſent paſſage, it is certain, that *lying in waſte* is ſtill a very common phraſe. FARMER.

A *waſteful cock* is what we now call a *waſte pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of ciſterns and other reſervoirs, by carrying off their ſuperfluous water. This circumſtance ſerved to keep the idea of Timon's unceaſing prodigality in the mind of the ſteward, while its remoteneſs from the ſcenes of luxury within the houſe, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *waſteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

Flav.

Flav. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peaſants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given[9].
Why doſt thou weep? Canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument[1] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends: You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius[2]! Servilius!

[9] *No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;*
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader muſt rejoice in this circumſtance of comfort which preſents itſelf to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, conſoles himſelf with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the purſuit of guilty pleaſures. STEEVENS.

[1] *And try the* argument—] The licentiouſneſs of our author forces us often upon far fetched expoſitions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*.
JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly publiſhed himſelf, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his uſe of the word. If I would, ſays Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *compoſed*, what they *have in them*, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*, not, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, *arguments*. MALONE.

[2] —*Flaminius!*—] The old copy has *Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably aroſe from *Fla.* only being ſet down in the Mſ. MALONE.

Enter

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally,—You, to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;—commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe them toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aſide.*

Tim. Go you, ſir, [*to another* Serv.] to the ſenators,
(Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing,) bid 'em ſend o' the inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt general way[3],)
To them to uſe your ſignet, and your name:
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo, intending other ſerious matters[4],
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions[5],

[3] —*I knew it the moſt* general *way*,)] *General* is not ſpeedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

[4] —*intending*—] is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in the *Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Good ſir, *intend* this buſineſs." STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I can not now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Paſquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623:

"For we have many ſecret ways to ſpend,
"Which are not fit our huſbands ſhould intend." MALONE.

[5] —*and theſe* hard fractions,] *Broken* hints, *interrupted* ſentences, *abrupt* remarks. JOHNSON.

With

With certain half-caps [6], and cold-movings nods [7],
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—
'Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: Theſe old fellows have
Their ingratitude in them hereditary [8]:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy [9].—
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a* Serv.—] Pr'ythee, [*to* Flavius.] be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whoſe death, he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend [1], which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents:—that had, [*to* Flavius] give it theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

[6] — *half-caps,*] A *half-cap* is a *cap* ſlightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

[7] — *cold-moving nods,*] By *cold-moving* I do not underſtand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a ſlight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the ſame as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual ſober* gods, for—*perpetually* ſober; *lazy-pacing clouds,—loving-jealous,—flat-tering-ſweet*, &c.—Such diſtant and uncourteous ſalutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly diſpoſition. MALONE.

[8] — *in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural conſtitution. But ſome diſtempers of natural conſtitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude ſo. WARBURTON.

[9] *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—] The ſame thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
" *Beſide, the fair ſoul's old too, it grows covetous,*
" *Which ſhews all honour is departed from us,*
" *And we are earth again.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome* good *neceſſity*
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exerciſing his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindneſs: or, ſome *honeſt* neceſſity, not the conſequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

Flav.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free [2] itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Lucullus's *Houſe.*

Flaminius *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, ſir.

Enter LUCULLUS,

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aſide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewer * to-night. Flaminius, honeſt Flaminius; you are very reſpectively welcome, ſir [3].—Fill me ſome wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, the very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, ſir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep

[2] *Free,*] is *liberal,* not parſimonious. JOHNSON.

* — *a ſilver baſon and ewer*—] Theſe utenſils of ſilver being much in requeſt in Shakſpeare's time, he has, as uſual, not ſcrupled to place them in the houſe of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" ——— my houſe within the city
" Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
" *Baſons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands."

[3] — *very* reſpectively *welcome,* &c.] i. e. reſpectfully. So, in *K. John:*

" 'Tis too *reſpective,*" &c. STEEVENS.

ſo

ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wiſe; and thou know'ſt well enough, although thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares[4] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd[5]? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I ſee, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation[6],

[4] — *three* ſolidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

[5] *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to ſay, *in ſo ſhort a time.* WARBURTON.

[6] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the puniſhment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himſelf to have ſeen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and repleniſh them of their inſatiate covetiſe." Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The dead Man's Song:*

"And ladles full of melted gold
"Were poured down their throats. STEEVENS.

This probably alludes to the ſtory of Marcus Craſſus and the Parthians, who are ſaid to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and puniſhment for his avarice. MASON.

Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights [7]? O you gods,
I feel my maſter's paſſion! This ſlave,
Unto his honour [8], has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O, may diſeaſes only work upon't!
And, when he's ſick to death, let not that part of nature [9]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour [1]! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no leſs [2], though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and

[7] *It* turns *in leſs than two nights?*] Alluding to the *turning* or acceſcence of milk. JOHNSON.

[8] *Unto his honour,*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius ſeems to mean is,—This ſlave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

[9] — *of* nature—] Flaminius conſiders that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as conſtituting a great part of his animal ſyſtem. STEEVENS.

[1] — *his hour?*] i. e. the hour of ſickneſs. *His* for *its*. STEEVENS.

His in almoſt every ſcene of theſe plays is uſed for *its*, but here I think "*his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and mean *his life*. If my notion be well founded, we muſt underſtand that the Steward wiſhes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpoſe of his being miſerable; that ſickneſs may "play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall," and "have him nine whole years in killing."—"Live loath'd and *long!*" ſays Timon in a ſubſequent ſcene; and again,

"Decline to your confounding contraries,
"And yet confuſion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we underſtand *his hour* to mean *the hour of ſickneſs*: and it muſt be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds ſupport to his interpretation:

"This phyſick but *prolongs thy ſickly days.*" MALONE.

[2] *We know him for no leſs*, &c.] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no leſs* than you repreſent him, though we are ſtrangers to his perſon. JOHNSON.

[9] — *are*

and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done * and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow ſo many talents [3]; nay, urged extremely for't, and ſhew'd what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in't. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he miſtook him, and ſent to me [4], I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents [5].

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To* LUCIUS.

* — *are* done—] i. e. conſumed. MALONE.

[3] — *to borrow ſo many talents;*] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expreſſion for an indefinite number. The ſtranger might not know the exact ſum. STEEVENS.

So queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me, it ſhall be ſufficient that a marble ſtone declare that a queen having reigned *ſuch a time*, [i. e. the time that ſhe ſhould have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be] lived and died a virgin." MALONE.

[4] — *yet had he* miſtook *him, and ſent to me,*] Lucius has juſt declared that he had had fewer preſents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the firſt to aſſiſt him. Yet, ſays he, had Timon *miſtook him*, or overlooked that circumſtance, and ſent to me, I ſhould not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

Had he miſtook *him* means, had he by miſtake thought him under leſs obligations than me, and ſent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *miſtook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

[5] — *deny'd his occaſion* ſo many *talents.*] i. e. a certain number of talents, ſuch a number as he might happen to want. This paſſage, as well as a former, (ſee n. 3,) ſhews that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending; How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Ser. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents [6].

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous [7],
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully [8].

[6] — *with ſo many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy ſupplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expreſsly ſet down by Shakſpeare. If this was the caſe, the player who repreſented the character ſpoke of the firſt number that was uppermoſt in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouſe books, put down an indefinite for the definite ſum, which remained unſpecified. The modern editors read again in this inſtance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the ſervant brought a note with him which he tender'd to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraſeology in many books of Shakſpeare's age. In *Julius Cæſar* we have the phraſe uſed here. Lucilius ſays to his adverſary,

"There is *ſo much* that thou wilt kill me ſtraight."

So Holinſhed: "The biſhop commanded his ſervant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his ſtudy, *in ſuch* a place." We ſhould now write—in a *certain* place.

Again, in an Account-book, kept by Empſon in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his Hiſtory of that king:

"*Item*, Received of *ſuch a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not paſs, the money to be repaid."

"He ſold *ſo much* of his eſtate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his eſtate) is yet the phraſeology of Scotland. MALONE.

[7] *If his occaſion were not* virtuous,] *Virtuous*, for ſtrong, forcible, preſſing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good uſe. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is certainly right. We had before:

"Some *good neceſſity* touches his friend." MALONE.

[8] — *half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* uſually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

Luc.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour[9]?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1. *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

[9] — *that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*—] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I ſhould purchaſe —for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!" THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little* park. JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading, which is ſufficiently in our author's manner. By purchaſing what brought me but little honour, I have loſt the more honourable opportunity of ſupplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordſhip* of a place) in a legal ſenſe. See Jacob's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's reading is the true one. I once ſuſpected the phraſe "purchaſe *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our authour's works and thoſe of his contemporaries has ſhewn me the folly of ſuſpecting corruptions in the text, merely becauſe it exhibits a different phraſeology from that uſed at this day. MALONE.

2. *Stran.*

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why this is the world's ſoul, and juſt of the ſame piece

Is every flatterer's ſpirit [1]. Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for in my knowing
Timon has been this lord's father, and kept
His credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, in reſpect of his [2],
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,

[1] — *flatterer's* ſpirit.—] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] edition read,

Why this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's ſport:
Of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world: every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

The emendation, *ſpirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one ſyllable, and ſometimes, I think, written *ſprite*. Hence the corruption was eaſy; whilſt on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words ſo diſtant from each other as *ſoul* and *ſport* [or *ſpirit*] ſhould change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *ſoul* and *ſport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the ſubſequent editions, took it for granted they held the ſame ſituation in the original edition, which we ſee was not the caſe. I do not believe this ſpeech was intended by the authour for verſe. MALONE.

[2] — *in reſpect of his*,] That is, *in reſpect of his* fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

I would

I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him [3],
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe;
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Sempronius's *Houſe.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* Timon's.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hump! 'Bove all others?
He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon [4]: All theſe

[3] *I would have put my wealth into* donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,] *Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the beſt half of what I had gained myſelf, or received from others, ſhould have found its way to him.* Either ſuch licentious expoſition muſt be allowed, or the paſſage remain in obſcurity.

The following lines in *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. ii. perſuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is very doubtful:

" *Put* your dread pleaſures more *into command*
" Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv:

" And mad'ſt me *put into contempt* the ſuits
" Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the ſtranger means to ſay, I would have treated my wealth as a preſent originally received from him, and on this occaſion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I ſuppoſed myſelf to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one; and I ſhould have omitted the former, but that it was ſo connected with what follows as not to be eaſily ſeparated. Though, (ſays the ſpeaker) I never taſted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *ſuppoſed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c. So, in the common phraſe,—*Put* yourſelf [i. e. ſuppoſe yourſelf] in my place. The paſſages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the phraſe—*into* donation.

" *Return'd* to him" neceſſarily includes the idea of having *come from* him, and therefore can not mean ſimply—*found its way*, the interpretation firſt given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from priſon:] This circumſtance occurs likewiſe in the anonymous unpubliſhed comedy of *Timon:*

" O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee
" From bonds in priſon, to requite me thus,
" To trample ore mee in my miſery?" MALONE.

Owe

Owe their eſtates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd [5], and found baſe metal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? Three? humph!—
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? His friends, like phyſicians,
Thrive, give him over [6]; Muſt I take the cure upon me?
He

[5] *They have all been* touch'd,] That is, *tried*; alluding to the *touch-ſtone*. JOHNSON.

[6] — *his friends, like phyſicians,*
Thrive, give him over?] Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plauſibly enough. Inſtead of *three* propoſed by Mr. Pope, I ſhould read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read —*ſhriv'd*. They *give him over ſhriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by ſhrift*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following paſſage in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy* is the beſt comment after all:

" —— Phyſicians thus,
" *With their hands full of money*, uſe to *give o'er*
" Their patients."

The paſſage will then mean:—" His friends, like phyſicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquiſh, and forſake him*, or give his caſe up as deſperate." *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but ſimply means to leave, to forſake, to quit:

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
" *To give you over* at this firſt encounter,
" Unleſs you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, the firſt and principal corrupter of theſe plays, for *Thrive*, ſubſtituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is a ſtrong confirmation of the old reading; for Webſter appears both in that and in another piece of his *(The White Devil)* to have frequently imitated Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, we find:

" —— Uſe me well, you were beſt;
" What I have done, I have done; I'll confeſs nothing."

Apparently from *Othello:*

" Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
" From this time forth I never will ſpeak word."

Again, the Cardinal, ſpeaking to his miſtreſs Julia, who had importuned him to diſcloſe the cauſe of his melancholy, ſays:

" —— Satisfy thy longing;
" The only way to make thee keep thy counſel,
" Is, not to tell thee."

So,

He has much diſgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,
And amongſt lords I be thought * a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

——— " for ſecrecy
" No lady cloſer; for I well believe
" Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

" Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*."

So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——'tis the eye of *childhood*,
" That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in *The White Devil:*

" ——— the ſecret of my prince,
" Which I will *wear* i' th' *inſide of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from theſe lines of *Hamlet:*

" —— Give me the man
" That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will *wear* him
" *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See alſo another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. ii.; and the laſt ſcene of the fourth act of *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, which ſeems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

The Dutcheſs of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonſon's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

" To make a child new-ſwaddled to proceed
" Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webſter's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the preſs, but our author's original word, which Webſter imitated, not from the printed book, but from the repreſentation of the play, or the Mſ. copy.

It is obſervable, that in this piece of Webſter's, the dutcheſs, who, like Deſdemona, is ſtrangled, revives *after long ſeeming* dead, ſpeaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

* — I *be thought*—] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I had ſuch a courage to do him good [7]. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who hates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent [8]! Your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear [9].
How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire [1].

[7] *I had ſuch a courage*—] Such an ardour, ſuch an eager deſire. JOHNSON.

[8] *Excellent!* &c.] I ſuppoſe the former part of this ſpeech to have been originally written in verſe, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as proſe, (omitting ſeveral ſyllables neceſſary to the metre) it cannot now be reſtored without ſuch additions as no editor is at liberty to inſert in the text. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion whatſoever here. MALONE.

[9] *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he* croſs'd *himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear.*] The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he was about,* [how much his reputation for wickedneſs would be diminiſhed] *when he made man craftily and intereſted; he thwarted himſelf by it;* [by thus raiſing up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to ſurpaſs him;] *and I cannot but think that at laſt the enormities of mankind will riſe to ſuch a height, as to make even Satan himſelf, in compariſon, appear* (what he would leaſt of all wiſh to be) *ſpotleſs and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places uſed by our authour and the contemporary writers, for *innocent.* So, in *The Tempeſt:*

"—— nothing but heart's ſorrow
"And a *clear* life enſuing."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"—— This Duncan
"Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
"So *clear* in his great office,—".

Again, in the play before us:

"Roots, ye *clear* gods!"

Again, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion,* 1657:

"—— I know myſelf am *clear*
"As is the new-born infant." MALONE.

[1] — *takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked; like thoſe,* &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. The people were then ſet upon a project of new-modelling the eccleſiaſtical and civil government according to ſcripture rules and examples; which makes him ſay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would ſet whole realms on fire.* So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealouſy of friendſhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beſt the ſimilitude is an aukward one; but it ſuited the *audience,* though not the *ſpeaker.* WARBURTON.

Of

Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe [1]. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter two ſervants of Varro, *and the ſervant of* Lucius, *meeting* Titus, Hortensius, *and other ſervants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus, and Hortenſius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One buſineſs does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And ſir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour.

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:

[1] — *keep his houſe.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act III. ſc. ii. "You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will *keep the houſe.*" Steevens.

You

You muſt conſider, that a prodigal courſe
Is like the ſun's [2]; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord Timon's purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you how to obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money.

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge [3], the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

1. *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand mine.

1. *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep; and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd [4].

Enter

[2] —— *a prodigal courſe*
Is like the ſun's;—] That is, like him in blaze and ſplendour.
"*Soles occidere et redire poſſunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.

Theobald and the ſubſequent editors, elegantly enough, but without neceſſity, read—a *prodigal's* courſe. We have the ſame phraſe as that in the text in the laſt couplet of the preceding ſcene:
"And this is all a *liberal courſe* allows." MALONE.

[3] *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commiſſion*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elſe, ſurely*, mine *had equall'd*. JOHNSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between my maſter [Varro] and Timon; elſe ſurely the ſum borrowed by Timon from your maſter had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the ſum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my maſter being *raiſed* from *three* thouſand crowns to *five* thouſand."

Two

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! ſir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, ſir?

1. *Var. Serv.* By your leave, ſir,—

Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

Two ſums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the leſſer ſum, as by ſubtraction from the greater. Thus, if A has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C for five, and C requeſts that he may lend A preciſely the *ſame* ſum as he ſhall be furniſhed with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminiſhing* his loan, and, like C lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's ſervant therefore may mean, Elſe ſurely the *ſame ſums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our maſters.

I have preſerved this interpretation, becauſe I once thought it *probable*, and becauſe it may ſtrike others as *juſt*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I alſo formerly propoſed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It ſhould ſeem that the confidential friendſhip ſubſiſting between your maſter and Timon, was greater than that ſubſiſting between Timon and my maſter; elſe ſurely *his* ſum, i. e. the ſum borrowed from *my* maſter, [the laſt antecedent] had been as large as the ſum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong), I have ſtated thus preciſely, and exactly in *ſubſtance* as it appeared ſeveral years ago, (though the expreſſion is a little varied,) becauſe a ſhallow REMARKER has endeavoured to repreſent it as unintelligible. It may be ſo to him, for the wit of ſome men, like Falſtaff's deſert, "is too thick to ſhine, and too heavy to mount." This *Remarker*, however, it is obſervable, after a feeble attempt at jocularity, (to which our great Satyriſt tells us ſuch criticks are much addicted,) and ſaying, that he ſhall take no further notice of this editor's *ſee-ſaw conjectures*, with great gravity propoſes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *ſafely* rely.

MALONE.

Flav.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could ſmile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the intereſt into their gluttonous maws;
You do yourſelf but wrong, to ſtir me up;
Let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

1. *Var. Serv.* How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2. *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail 'gainſt great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS[5].

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould
Derive much from it: for, take it on my ſoul,
My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent.
His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe

[5] *Enter Servilius.*] It may be obſerved that Shakſpeare has unſkilfully filled his Greek ſtory with Roman names. JOHNSON.

Be

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord[6].

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em[7], cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON, *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves: Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord.—

[6] Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this ſpeech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the ſervant of *Horteſius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the reſt,) becauſe to the following ſpeech in the old copy is prefixed, 2. *Var.* which from the words ſpoken [And *ours*, my lord.] meant, I conceive, *the two ſervants of Varro*. In the modern editions this latter ſpeech is given to Caphis, who is not upon the ſtage. MALONE.

[7] *Knock me down with 'em,*] Timon quibbles. They preſent their written *bills*; he catches at the word, alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient ſoldiery carried, and were ſtill uſed by the watch in Shakſpeare's time. See the ſcene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Greſham ſays to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—they durſt not *ſtrike down* their cuſtomers with large *bills*." STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it ſo:—My ſteward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;
Ullorxa; all; I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.

The Senate ſitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1. *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary, he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2. *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him[8].

Alc. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1. *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man[9], ſetting his fate aſide,

Of

[8] —*ſhall bruiſe* him.] The old copy reads—ſhall bruſe *'em*. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays. In a ſubſequent line in this ſcene we have in the old copy—with *him*, inſtead of—with *'em*. For the correction, which is fully juſtified by the context, I am anſwerable, MALONE.

[9] *He is a man*, &c.] I have printed theſe lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He

Of comely virtues:
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent[2],
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He is a man, ſetting his fault *aſide,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil, &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thouſand others of the ſame kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] *—ſetting his* fate *aſide,*] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the queſtion. STEEVENS.

[2] *And with ſuch ſober and* unnoted *paſſion*
He did behave *his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,* &c.] *Unnoted,* according to Dr. Warburton, means *common, bounded.* "Unnoted paſſion," I believe, means a paſſion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boiſterous appearances; ſo regulated and ſubdued, that no ſpectator could *note,* or obſerve, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *behoove,* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave,* which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage,* was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author ſo very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have ſometimes thought he might have written—"He did *behalve* his anger"—i. e. ſuppreſs it. So, *Milton:*

" —— yet put he not forth all his ſtrength,
" But check'd it *mid-way.*"

Behave, however, is uſed by Spenſer, in his *Faery Queene,* B. I. c. iii. in a ſenſe that will ſuit ſufficiently with the paſſage before us:

" But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*
" *Behaves* with cares, cannot ſo eaſy miſs."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different ſignification from that in which it is now uſed. Cole in his Dictionary, 1979, renders it by *tracto,* which he interprets to *govern,* or *manage.* MALONE.

I would rather read:

——— *and unnoted paſſion*
He did behave, ere was his anger ſpent.

Unnoted paſſion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his paſſion, ſuch a one as has not hitherto been obſerved. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In Sir W. Davenant's play of the *Juſt Italian,* 1630, *behave* is uſed in as ſingular a manner:

" How well my ſtars *behave* their Influence."

Again:

" ——— You an Italian, ſir, and thus
" *Behave* the knowledge of diſgrace!"

In both theſe inſtances, to *behave* is to *manage.* STEEVENS.

1. *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox[3],
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe[4]; and make his wrongs
His outſides; to wear them like his raiment, careleſly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1. *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threats? ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad[5]? why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it[6];
And the aſs, more captain than the lion; the fellow[7],

Loaden

[3] *You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too *hard.* JOHNSON.

[4] —*that man can* breathe;] i. e. can *utter.* So afterwards:
"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

[5] —*what make we*
Abroad?] *What do we,* or *what have we to do, in the field.*
JOHNSON.

[6] —*if* bearing *carry it,*] Dr. Johnſon, when he propoſed to connect this hemiſtich with the following line inſtead of the preceding words, ſeems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propenſities. I have no doubt that the preſent arrangement is right. MALONE.

[7] *And the aſs,* more captain *than the lion; the fellow,* &c.] Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain.* They are ſupported by what Alcibiades has already ſaid:
"My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
"If I ſpeak like a *captain.*—"
and by Shakſpeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is uſed with at leaſt as much harſhneſs as in the text:

"And

Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt[8];
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt[8].
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1. *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I ſay*, my lords, he has done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em?, he's
A ſworn rioter[1]: he has a ſin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough

" And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Dr. Johnſon with great probability propoſes to read *felon*, inſtead of *fellow*. MALONE.

[8] —*ſin's extremeſt* guſt;] *Guſt* is here in its common ſenſe; the utmoſt degree of *appetite* for ſin. JOHNSON.

I believe *guſt* means *raſhneſs*. The alluſion may be to a ſudden *guſt of wind*. STEEVENS.

So we ſay, it was done in a ſudden *guſt* of paſſion. MALONE.

[8] —*by* mercy, *'tis moſt juſt*.] The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herſelf* to witneſs, that defenſive violence is juſt. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient* interpretation of the laws, is conſidered as juſtifiable. MALONE.

* *Why*, I *ſay*,—] The perſonal pronoun was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] —*with* 'em,] The folio, *with* him. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *A* ſworn *rioter*:] A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion ſeems to be ſimilar to that of *ſworn brother*. MALONE.

To

To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security[2], I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be. My lords,
I do beſeech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not eaſily be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe[3],
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect[4];
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me?

[2] —*your reverend ages love*
Security,] He charges them obliquely with being uſurers. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

" ——— baniſh *uſury*,
" That makes the ſenate ugly." MALONE.

[3] —*ſo baſe*,] *Baſe*, for diſhonour'd. WARBURTON.

[4] *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;] This reading may paſs, but perhaps the author wrote:

—— *our anger?*
'Tis few in words, but ſpacious in effect. JOHNSON.

Baniſh

Baniſh your dotage: baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' ſhine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to ſwell our ſpirit[5],
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough: that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,
Rich only in large hurts;—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? baniſhment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts[6].
'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds[7];
Soldiers ſhould brook as little, wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[5] *And, not to ſwell our ſpirit,*] I believe, means, *not to put ourſelves into any tumour of rage,* take our definitive reſolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. ſc. i:

"The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
"So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
"They *ſwell* and grow as terrible as ſtorms." STEEVENS.

[6] —*and* lay *for hearts.*] I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, [as Dr. Warburton thought,] or that *lay* ſhould be changed into *play* [as Dr. Johnſon propoſed]. We ſhould now ſay *to lay out for* hearts, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is uſed ſingly, as it is here, by Ben Johnſon, in *The Devil is an Aſs.*

"*Lay* for ſome pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in Marlow's *Luſt's Dominion,* 1657:

"He *takes up* Spaniſh *hearts* on truſt, to pay them
"When he ſhall finger Caſtile's crown." MALONE.

[7] *'Tis honour, with moſt* lands *to be at odds;*] I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *lands* cannot be right. To aſſert that it is honourable to fight with the *greateſt* part of the *world,* is very wild. I believe therefore our authour meant that Alcibiades in his ſpleen againſt the *Senate,* from whom alone he has received any injury, ſhould ſay,

'Tis honour with moſt *lords* to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is ſurely more honourable *to wrangle for a ſcore of kingdoms,* (as Miranda expreſſes it) than to enter into quarrels with *lords,* or any other private adverſaries. STEEVENS.

The

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's *Houſe.*

Muſick. Tables ſet out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords[8], *at ſeveral doors.*

1. *Lord,* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2. *Lord.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring[9], when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2. *Lord.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1. *Lord.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am

The objection to the old reading ſtill in my apprehenſion remains. It is not difficult for him who is ſo inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other perſon;) but not ſo eaſy to be at odds with his *land.* Neither does the obſervation juſt made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with moſt* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which muſt, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be ſupported. MALONE.

[8] Enter *divers Lords*—] In the modern editions theſe are called *Senators;* but it is clear from what is ſaid concerning the baniſhment of Alcibiades, that this muſt be wrong. I have therefore ſubſtituted *Lords.* The old copy has "Enter divers *friends.*" MALONE.

[9] *Upon that were my thoughts* tiring,] A hawk, I think, is ſaid to *tire,* when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, faſtened,* as the hawk faſtens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Like an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
"*Tires* with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone,—."

Tirower, that is *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, ſignified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often uſed for this purpoſe.

In *King Henry VI.* P. II. we have a kindred expreſſion:

"——— your *thoughts*
"*Beat* on a crown." MALONE.

ſorry,

ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1. *Lord.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *Lord.* A thouſand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thouſand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

3. *Lord.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2. *Lord.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2. *Lord.* My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2. *Lord.* If you had ſent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd diſhes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is baniſh'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3. *Lord.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1. *Lord.* How? how?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man ſtill.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2. *Lord.* It does: but time will—and ſo—

3. *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike[1]. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place: Sit, ſit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves praiſed: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The reſt of your fees[2]*, O gods,—the ſenators of Athens, together with the common lag* of people,—what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The diſhes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection[3]. This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

[1] *— your diet ſhall be in all places alike.*] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, Act. I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[2] *— The reſt of your* fees,] We ſhould read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

* *— the common* lag—] Old Copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] *Is your* perfection.] Your *perfection*, is *the higheſt of your excellence*. JOHNSON.

Your

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long[4],
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies[5],
Cap and knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks[6]!
Of man, and beaſt, the infinite malady[7]
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt,—thou too,—and thou;
[*Throws the diſhes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other Lords and Senators.*

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords[8].
2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3. *Lord.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?
4. *Lord.* I have loſt my gown.
3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you ſee my jewel?
4. *Lord.* Did you ſee my cap?
2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.
4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.
1. *Lord.* Let's make no ſtay.
2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.
3. *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.
4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] —*Lives loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before.

" —let not that part
" Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
" To expel ſickneſs, but *prolong his hour!*

Again:

" Gods keep you *old* enough," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —*time's flies,*] Flies of a ſeaſon. JOHNSON.

[6] —*minute-jacks!*] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *jack of the clock-houſe*; an image whoſe office was the ſame as one of thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a paſſage in *King Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the infinite malady*] Every kind of diſeaſe incident to man and beaſt. JOHNSON.

[8] *How now, my lords?*] This and the next ſpeech are ſpoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filths
Convert o' the inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats! bound ſervants, ſteal!
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o' the brothel[9]! ſon of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confuſion live[1]!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt

[9] —*o' the brothel!*] The meaning is, go to thy maſter's bed, for he is alone; thy miſtreſs is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'th'*, *o'th'*, and *o'th'*, are written with very little care, or rather ſeem to have been ſet down at random in different places. MALONE.

The ſenſe is, Go, maid, with ſecurity to thy maſter's bed, *for thy miſtreſs is a bawd to thy amours.* STEEVENS.

If the miſtreſs was bawd to the maid, the maid muſt have known it without a prompter. MASON.

[1] —yet *confuſion live!*] Hanmer reads, *let* confuſion: but the meaning may be, *though by ſuch confuſion all things ſeem to haſten to diſſolution*, yet, *let not diſſolution come, but the miſeries of* confuſion *continue.* JOHNSON.

As

As lamely as their manners! luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms; and their crop
Be general leproſy! breath infect breath;
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be merely poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he ſhall find
The unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS[2], *with two or three* Servants.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, maſter ſteward, where is our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes[3]
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,

[2] *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his ſervants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domeſticks; nothing but impartial kindneſs can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

[3] *So his familiars* to *his buried fortunes*, &c.] So thoſe who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the moſt ample manner participated of them, ſlink all away, &c. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read—*from* his buried fortunes, but certainly, as Dr. Johnſon owns, without neceſſity. MALONE.

Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us [3]!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;

[3] *O, the* fierce *wretchedneſs*—] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty, precipitate.* Perhaps it is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Ben Johnſon in his *Poetaſter:*

" And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
" One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In another play our author has *fierce vanities.* In all inſtances it may mean *glaring, conſpicuous, violent.* So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair,* the Puritan ſays:

" The hobby-horſe is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John:*

" O vanity of ſickneſs! *fierce* extremes
" In their continuance will not feel themſelves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." STEEVENS.

Undone

Undone by goodneſs! Strange, unuſual blood [4],
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord,—bleſt, to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb [5]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature [6].

[4] — *Strange, unuſual* blood,] In the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakſpeare, *blood* ſeems to be uſed for *inclination, propenſity:*

" For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unuſual blood, may therefore mean, ſtrange unuſual diſpoſition. STEEVENS.

Throughout theſe plays *blood* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of natural propenſity or diſpoſition. MALONE.

[5] — *below thy ſiſter's orb*] That is, the moon's; this *ſublunary* world. JOHNSON.

[6] — *Not nature,*
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will ſcorn brother;* for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *beſieged as it is by miſery*, admoniſhed as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will deſpiſe* beings of *nature like its own.* JOHNSON.

But by is here uſed for *without.* MALONE.

Raiſe

Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord[7];
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him lean[8]. Who dares, who dares,
In

[7] *Raiſe me this beggar, and* denude *that lord,*] The old copy reads—*deny't* that lord. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. So, as Theobald has obſerved, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures."

MALONE.

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630:

" All theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes and " eſtates."

And Charles the Firſt, in his meſſage to the parliament, ſays:

" — *denude* ourſelves of all."—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit.

WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raiſe me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man originally poor might be raiſed to one above it. We might read—*deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an Engliſh law phraſe. Shakſpeare uſes the word in *King Lear*:

" Since now we will *deveſt* us, both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedie of Craſſus*, 1604:

" As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

The objection to the reading of the old copy, *deny't*, is, that there is no antecedent to which the word *it* can be referred. MALONE.

[8] *It is the* paſture *lards the brother's ſides,*

The want that makes him lean.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old copy:

" It is the *paſteur* lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him *leaue*.

That it is corrupt, no one, I ſuppoſe, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but neceſſity. I have already more than once obſerved, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. In *Coriolanus* we have *higher* for *hire*, and *hope* for *help*; in the preſent play *reverend* for *reverends't*; and in almoſt every play ſimilar corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:

" ——— and bedew
" Her *paſtor's* graſs with faithful Engliſh blood."

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, " I have heard him read many *lectors* againſt it;" inſtead of *lectures*.

Paſture, when the *u* is founded thin, and *paſtor*, are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the firſt diſputed word of this

In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So

this conteſted paſſage is aſcertained. In *As you like it* we have—"good paſture makes fat ſheep." Again, in the ſame play:

"——— Anon, a careleſs herd,
"Full of *the paſture*, jumps along by him," &c.

The meaning then of the paſſage is, It is the land alone which each man poſſeſſes that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I ſuppoſe, with Dr. Johnſon, that Shakſpeare was ſtill thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already deſcribed.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnſon himſelf was ſatisfied with his far-fetched explication of *paſtour*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one elſe can be ſatisfied with it. In order to give it ſome little ſupport, he ſuppoſes "*This* man's a flatterer," in the following paſſage, to relate to the imaginary *paſtor* in this; whereas thoſe words indubitably relate to *any* one individual ſelected out of the aggregate maſs of mankind. See note 9.

Dr. Warburton reads—*weather's* ſides; which affords a commodious ſenſe, but is ſo far removed from the original reading as to be inadmiſſible. Shakſpeare, I have no doubt, thought at firſt of thoſe animals that are fatted by *paſture*, and paſſed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *ſoil*.

I have ſometimes thought that he might have written—the *breather's* ſides. He has thrice uſed the word elſewhere. "I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myſelf," ſays Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets*:

"When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She ſhews a body, rather than a life;
"A ſtatue, than a *breather*."

If this was the authour's word in the paſſage before us, it muſt mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in ſuch conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old ſpelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the Mſs. of our authour's time is not to be diſtinguiſhed from an *n*. Add to this, that in the firſt folio *u* is conſtantly employed where we now uſe a *v*; and hence, by inverſion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almoſt every *proof*-ſheet of every book that paſſes through the preſs).

But it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to theſe inſtances. This very word *leave* is again printed inſtead of *leane*, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. quarto, 1600.

"The lives of all your loving complices
"*Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *K. Henry VIII.* 1623, we have *leane* inſtead of *leave*: "You'll *leane* your noiſe anon, you raſcals." But any argument on this point is ſuperfluous, ſince the context clearly ſhews that *lean* muſt have been the word intended by Shakſpeare.

Such.

So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains:

Such emendations as thoſe now adopted, *thus founded* and ſupported, are not capricious conjectures, againſt which no one has ſet his face more than the preſent editor, but almoſt certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I ſhall make no other apology than that finding it *neceſſary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any ſenſe, I thought it incumbent on me to ſupport the readings I have choſen, in the beſt manner in my power. MALONE.

Let us ſee what ſenſe the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, ſays the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illuſtrate this poſition, having already mentioned the caſe of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by thoſe whom it leaſt becomes; *it is the* paſtour *that greaſes or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will greaſe him on till *want make him leave*. The poet then goes on to aſk, *Who dares to ſay, this man*, this paſtour, *is a flatterer?* the crime is univerſal; through all the world *the learned pate*, with alluſion to the paſtour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may juſtly be, that the mention of a paſtour is unſuitable, we muſt remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many ſuch anachroniſms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the paſtour lards the brother's ſides,
'Tis *want that makes him leave.*

The obſcurity is ſtill great. Perhaps a line is loſt. I have at leaſt given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote *paſterer*, for I meet with ſuch a word in Greene's *Farewel to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander before he fell into the Perſian delicacies, refuſed thoſe cooks and *paſterers* that Ada queen of Caria ſent to him." There is likewiſe a proverb among Ray's collection which ſeems to afford much the ſame meaning as this paſſage in Shakſpeare. "Every one baſteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride." STEEVENS.

9 *And ſay, This man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular perſon before mentioned, as Dr. Johnſon thought, but to ſome ſuppoſed individual. Who, ſays Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

"Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
"When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?"
MALONE.

1 — *for every* grize *of fortune*] *Grize* for ſtep or degree. POPE.

Deſtruction

Deſtruction fang mankind [2]!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*digging.*

Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votariſt [3]. Roots, you clear heavens [4]!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides [5];
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads [6]:
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd [7]; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again [8];

She,

[2] — fang *mankind!*—] i. e. ſeize, gripe. This verb is uſed by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631: "— bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you." STEEVENS.

[3] — *no idle votariſt.*] No inſincere or inconſtant ſupplicant. *Gold* will not ſerve me inſtead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

[4] — *you* clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudleſs ſkies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakſpeare mentions the *cleareſt gods* in *King Lear*. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Then Collatine again by Lucrece' ſide,
"In his *clear* bed might have repoſed ſtill."

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

[5] — *Why this*
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;] Ariſtophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. ſc. ii. makes the prieſt of Jupiter deſert his ſervice to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

[6] *Pluck* ſtout *men's pillows from below their heads:*] i. e. men who have ſtrength yet remaining to ſtruggle with their diſtemper. This alludes to an old cuſtom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their laſt agonies, to make their departure the eaſier. But the Oxford editor, ſuppoſing *ſtout* to ſignify *healthy*, alters it to *ſick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[7] — *the hoar leproſy*—] So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. xxviii. ch. 12. "— the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiaſis*." STEEVENS.

[8] *That makes the* wappen'd *widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* ſignifies both ſorrowful and terrified, either for the loſs of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he ſays, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is uſed by Spenſer in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not

She, whom the ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at [B], this embalms and ſpices

To

in either of the ſenſes mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So our authour in *K. Richard III*:

" *A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow.*" JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will eaſily explain for himſelf, when he has ſeen the following paſſage:

" Moll. And there you ſhall *wap* with me.
" Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?
" Moll. *Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Johnſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

" Boarded at Tappington,
" *Bedded* at *Wap*pington."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologies to the Bel-man of London*, 1610. " *Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not uſed now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping*-morts for whores."

It muſt not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelda*, line 217, uſes the word with the ſenſe in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

" My ſewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whoſe curioſity and paſſions had been already gratified.* So, in *Hamlet*:

" The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
" Are baſe reſpects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the ſame ſentiment may be diſcovered there. There may, however, be ſome corruption in the text. STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens fully ſupport the text in my apprehenſion, nor do I ſuſpect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is uſed by Fletcher in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, for *freſh*, the oppoſite of *ſtale*; and perhaps we ſhould read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, becauſe it appears to me likely to miſlead the reader with reſpect to the general import of the paſſage. Shakſpeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's *ſeeking* a huſband, (though " her *curioſity* has been *gratified*,") but for her *finding* one. It is her gold, ſays he, that induces ſome one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here uſed for *wedded*. So, in *the Comedy of Errors*, Act I. ſc. i:

" In Syracuſa was I born, and *wed*
" Unto a woman, happy but for me."

If *wed* is uſed as a verb, the word mean, *that effects or produces her ſecond marriage*. MALONE.

[B] *She, whom the ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores*
Would caſt the gorge at,] To " caſt the gorge at," was Shakſpeare's phraſeology. So in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i. " How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* riſes *at* it."

To

To the April day again [9]. Come, damned earth,
Thou, common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among

To the various examples which I have produced in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added theſe:

" Our *fortune* on the ſea is *out of breath*,
" And ſinks moſt lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Again, *ibidem*:

" Mine *eyes* did *ſicken* at the ſight."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" —— we will fetters put upon this fear,
" Which now goes too *free-footed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" His *evaſions* have *ears* thus long."

Surely we ſhould read:

She, at *whoſe* ulcerous ſores the ſpital-houſe
Would caſt the gorge *up*, this, &c.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*:

" And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
" He ſpewed *up* his gorge."

The old reading is nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. "The ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores," therefore, may be uſed for *the contaminated ſpital-houſe*; the ſpital-houſe replete with ulcerous ſores. If it be aſked, how can the ſpital-houſe, or how can ulcerous ſores, *caſt the gorge* at the female here deſcribed, let the following paſſages anſwer the queſtion:

" Heaven ſtops the *noſe* at it, and the moon *winks*." *Othello.*

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Whoſe *ſpirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
" *Makes mouths* at the inviſible event."

Again, *ibid*:

" —— till our *ground*,
" Singing his *pate* againſt the burning zone," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Over thy *wounds* now do I propheſy,—
" Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope* their ruby *lips*,—."

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

" —— when the bagpipe ſings i' the *noſe*,—."

Again, in the play before us:

" —— when our vaults have *wept*
" With drunken ſpilth of wine—."

In the preceding page, all *ſores* are ſaid to lay *ſiege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the paſſage is to be underſtood literally, than they can *caſt the gorge* at the ſight of the perſon here deſcribed.—In a word, the diction of the text is ſo very Shakſpearian, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould be ſuſpected of corruption.

The meaning is, Her, whom the ſpital-houſe, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or,

(in

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature[1].—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick[2],
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*keeping ſome gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am *miſanthropos**, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,

(in a looſer paraphraſe) Her, at the ſight of whom all the patients in the ſpital-houſe, however contaminated, would ſicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, diſguſted by the view of ſtill greater pollution than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and ſpices, &c. MALONE.

[b] *To the* April *day again.*] The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other *diſeaſed female*, who is repreſented as the *outcaſt of an hoſpital.* She it is, whom gold *embalms and ſpices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold reſtores her to all the *freſhneſs and ſweetneſs* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

" —— make black, white; foul, fair;
" Wrong, right;" &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps ſupport this interpretation. In Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, " He is a young man, and in the *April of his age.* Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls *youth* " the *April* of man's life." Shakſpeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the ſame thought:

" Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
" Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31ſt Sonnet has, " —— the *April* of my years." Maſter Fenton " ſmells *April* and May." TOLLET.

[1] *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[2] — *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou haſt life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

* *I am* miſanthropos,] A marginal note in the old tranſlation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furniſhed our authour with this epithet: " Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Miſanthropus*, the Athenian." MALONE.

I not

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee[3]; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If thou wilt not promise[4], the gods plague thee,
For thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time*.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours[5]: season the slaves

For

[3] *I will not kiss thee;*] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the veneral infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

[4] *If thou wilt not promise*, &c.] That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

* — then *was a blessed time.*] I suspect, from Timon's answer, that Shakspeare wrote—*thine* was a blessed time. MALONE.

[5] *Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee;*
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, &c.] There is here a slight transposition. I would read:

— *They*

For tubs, and baths; bring down roſe-cheeked youth[6]
To the tub-faſt, and the diet[7].

Tyman. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

— They love thee not that uſe thee,
Leaving with thee their luſt; give them diſeaſes,
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths; —. JOHNSON.

[6] *— bring down* roſe-cheeked *youth —*] This expreſſive epithet our authour might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*;

" *Roſe-cheek'd* Adonis kept a ſolemn feaſt." MALONE.

[7] *To the* tub-*faſt, and the diet.*] Old Copy—*ſub*-faſt. Corrected by Dr. Warburton. The preceding line, and a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, fully ſupport the emendation:

" Truly, ſir, ſhe [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the *tub*." MALONE.

The authour is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. " The regimen for the courſe of guaiacum (ſays Dr. Friend in his *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, (Vol. II. p. 380,) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expreſſes it, the bones, and the very man himſelf was macerated." Wiſeman ſays, in England they uſed a *tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days, (as he obſerves, p. 373,) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-faſt*. WARBURTON.

So, in Jaſper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

" — You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
" One ten times cur'd by ſweating, and the *tub*."

The diet was likewiſe a cuſtomary term for the regimen preſcribed in theſe caſes. So, in a Collection of ancient Epigrams called the *Maſtive*, &c.

" She took not *diet*, nor the ſweat in ſeaſon."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

" —— caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
" Where we this two months ſweat, &c.
" This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c. STEEVENS.

Of the tub mentioned in this note, there is a print in Holme's *Storehouſe of Armory and Blazon*, with an account of it in Book III. ch. xi. p. 421, which the reader, whoſe curioſity is alive to ſuch ſubjects, may be referred to. M. C. T.

How

How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them[8],—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou waſt born
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air[9]: Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes[1],

Are

[8] — *trod upon them,*] Hanmer reads—*had* trod upon them. Shakſpeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

[9] *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air:] This is wonderfully ſublime and pictureſque. WARBURTON.

We meet with the ſame image in *King Richard II:*

" ——— or ſuppoſe,
" Devouring *peſtilence hangs in our air.*" MALONE.

[1] *That through the windowbars bore at men's eyes,*] The virgin that ſhews her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is almoſt confirmed by the following paſſage in *Cymbelyne:*

" ——— or let her beauty,
" *Look through a* caſement, *to allure falſe hearts,*
" And be falſe with them."

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But ſet them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy[2];
Think it a baſtard[3], whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat[4] ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects[5];
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me,
Not all thy counſel.

Shakſpeare at the ſame time might aim a ſtroke at this indecency in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by ſeveral contemporary dramatiſts. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalené*, 1567:

" Your garments muſt be worne alway,
" That your *white papps* may be ſeene if you may.—
" If young gentlemen may ſee your white ſkin,
" It will allure them to love, and ſoon bring them in.
" Both damſels and wives uſe many ſuch feates.
" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*."

And all this is addreſſed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

Our authour has again the ſame kind of imagery in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd age."

In the old copy *bars* is ſpelt *barne*.—I do not believe any particular ſatire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerſet, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus repreſented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehenſible than the ladies of the preſent day, who from the ſame extravagant purſuit of what is called faſhion, run into an oppoſite extreme. MALONE.

[2] — exhauſt *their mercy*;] For *exhauſt*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhauſt* here ſignifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

[3] — *a baſtard*,] An alluſion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

[4] — thy *throat*—] Old Copy—*the* throat. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] *Swear againſt objects*;] So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:

" Or made them *ſwear againſt the thing they ſee*." STEEVENS.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

——— 'gainſt *all objects*:

Perhaps *objects* is here uſed *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon thee!

Phr. and Tym. Give us ſome gold, good Timon: Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd[6]. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you[7],—ſpare your oaths,
I'll truſt to your conditions[8]: Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be quite contrary[9]: And thatch your poor thin roofs[1]
With

[6] *And to make whores, a bawd.*] That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.* JOHNSON.

[7] *The immortal gods that hear you,*] The ſame thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"Though you with ſwearing *ſhake the throned gods*."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths."

STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll truſt to your conditions:*] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

[9] — *Yet may your* pains, *ſix months,*
Be quite contrary:] This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this: he had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be ſpent in theſe different occupations.—On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the authour and his readers to meet on eaſier terms. We may read:

—— *Yet may your pains, ſix months,*
Be quite contraried.—

Timon is wiſhing ill to mankind, but is afraid leſt the whores ſhould imagine that he wiſhes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and diſappointments enough to plague themſelves. He wiſhes that

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore ſtill;
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold:—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

——

that they may do all poſſible miſchief, and yet take *pains ſix months* of the year in vain.

In this ſenſe there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was adviſed not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the preſent words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unneceſſary deviations from the text ſhould ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot be often ſaid of the expoſitions of that commentator. The words that follow fully ſupport it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have loſt the greater part of your hair by diſeaſe, and the medicines that for ſix months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. MALONE.

I believe Timon means,—*Yet for half the year at leaſt, may you ſuffer ſuch puniſhment as is inflicted on harlots in houſes of correction.* STEEVENS.

[1] — *thatch your poor thin roofs*, &c.] About the year 1595, when the faſhion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a ſingle head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice ſuch as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubb's *Anatomy of Abuſes*, which I have often quoted on the article of dreſs. To this faſhion the writers of Shakſpeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608: "— to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this againſt kind?" Again, in Drayton's *Moncalf*:

"And with large ſums they ſtick not to procure
"*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the moſt unclean;
"To help their pride they nothing will diſdain."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
"The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
"To live a ſecond life on ſecond head;
"Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, is likewiſe very ſevere on this faſhion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were firſt brought into England about the time of the maſſacre of Paris." STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. III. p. 57, n. 9. The *firſt* edition of Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuſes* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Moncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And marr men's ſpurring [2]. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly [3]: hoar the flamen [4],
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee [5],
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all [6]!

Phr. and Tym. More counſel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

[2] — *men's* ſpurring.—] Hanmer reads—*ſparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The diſeaſe that enfeebled their *ſhins*, would have this effect. STEEVENS.

[3] *Nor ſound his* quillets *ſhrilly:*] *Quillets* are ſubtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "— a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet, ras ſtrivola, recula.* MALONE.

[4] — hoar *the flamen,*] Give the flamen the *hoary leproſy.* So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— ſhew like *leproſy*,
"The *whiter* the ſouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leproſy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[5] — *that his particular to* foreſee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the ſenſe is good. To *foreſee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right ſcent of publick good.* In hunting, when hares have croſs'd one another, it is common for ſome of the hounds *to ſmell from the general weal, and foreſee their own particular.* Shakſpeare, who ſeems to have been a ſkilful ſportſman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting. JOHNSON.

[6] *And ditches* grave *you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obſolete, though ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"Cinders (think'ſt thou) mind this? or *graved* ghoſtes?"
STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it [7].
Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*digging.*
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt [8],
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm [9],
With all the abhorred births below criſp heaven [1]
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;

[7] Tim. *Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.*
Alc. *Call'ſt thou that harm?*
Tim. *Men daily find it.*] Shakſpeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the ſacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men ſpeak well!" MALONE.

[8] *Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,*] *Whoſe infinite breaſt* means no more than *whoſe boundleſs ſurface.* STEEVENS.

[9] — *eyeleſs venom'd worm,*] The ſerpent, which we, from the ſmallneſs of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia.* JOHNSON.

[1] — *below* criſp *heaven,*] We ſhould read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *criſp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempeſt*, Ariel talks of riding
On the *curl'd* clouds.
Chaucer in his *Houſe of Fame*, ſays,
"Her here that was *oundie* and *cripe*."
i. e. *wavy* and *curled.*

Again, in the *Philoſophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:
"Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn." STEEVENS.

Yield

Yield him, who all thy human ſons [2] doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb [3],
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man [4]!
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above [5]
Never preſented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas [6];
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune [7]. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit? and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;

[2] — *who all* thy *human ſons* doth *hate,*] Old Copy—*the* human ſons *do* hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] Enſear *thy fertile and conceptious womb,*] So, in *King Lear*:
" *Dry up* in her the organs of increaſe." STEEVENS.

[4] *Let it no more* bring out *ingrateful man!*] *Bring out* is *bring forth.* JOHNSON.

[5] — *the* marbled *manſion*—] So Milton, B. III. l. 564:
" Through the pure *marble* air—. STEEVENS.
Again, in *Othello*:
" Now, by yon *marble* heaven,—". MALONE.

[6] *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;*] The ſenſe is this: *O nature! ceaſe* to *produce men, enſear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at leaſt ceaſe to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows,* on which they fatten with *unctuous morſels,* thy *vines,* which give them *liquoriſh draughts,* and thy *plow-torn leas.* Here are effects correſponding with cauſes, *liquoriſh draughts* with *vines,* and *unctuous morſels* with *marrows,* and the old reading literally preſerved. JOHNSON.

[7] *This is in thee a nature but* affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune.] The old copy reads *infected,* and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

Hug

Hug their diſeas'd perfumes [8], and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper [9].
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome [1],
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt,
That thou turn raſcal; had'ſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

Apem. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf:
A madman ſo long, now a fool: What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moiſt trees [2],
That have outliv'd the eagle [3], page thy heels,

[8] *Hug their diſeas'd* perfumes,] i. e. their diſeas'd perfumed miſtreſſes. MALONE.

[9] — *the* cunning of a carper.] *Cunning* here ſeems to ſignify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the inſidious art of a critick. Shame not theſe woods, ſays Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his tranſlation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, ſays; "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, *Urſula* ſpeaking of the ſarcaſms of *Beatrice*, obſerves,

"Why ſure, ſuch *carping* is not commendable. STEEVENS.

[1] — *like tapſters, that* bid *welcome*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like ſhrill-tongued tapſters anſwering every call,
"Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits."

The old copy has—*bad* welcome. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] — moiſt *trees*,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,
— *moſs'd* trees. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

"Under an oak, whoſe boughs were *moſs'd* with age." STEEV.

So alſo Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date:

"Even as a buſtling tempeſt rouling blaſts
"Upon a foreſt of old branching oakes,
"And with his furie teyrs their *moſſy* loaks."

Moſs'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

[3] — *outliv'd the eagle*,—] *Aquilæ ſenectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been aſcertained from the circumſtance of its always building its *eyrie*, or neſt, in the ſame place. STEEVENS.

And

And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature [4],—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too [5]?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before [6]:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

[4] *Answer* mere nature,—] So, in *King Lear*, Act II.

" And with presented nakedness outface
" The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *What! a* knave *too?*] Timon has just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by design* is *villainy*, *to vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewise a *knave*.

JOHNSON.

[6] — *is* crown'd *before*:] Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the *completion of its wishes*. JOHNSON.

So, in a former scene of this play:

" And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd*,
" That I account them blessings."

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— my supreme *crown* of *grief*." MALONE.

Hath

Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content [7].
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath [8], that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd [9]; but bred a dog [1].
Had'ſt thou, like us [2], from our firſt ſwath [3], proceeded
The

[7] *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are content. JOHNSON.

[8] — *by his breath,*] I believe, is meant *his ſentence.* To *breathe* is as licentiouſly uſed by Shakſpeare in the following inſtance from *Hamlet:*

" Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
" The youth you *breathe* of, guilty," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our authour's language, by his *voice* or *ſpeech*, and ſo in fact by his ſentence. Shakſpeare frequently uſes the word in this ſenſe. It has been twice ſo uſed in this play. MALONE.

[9] *Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm*
With favour never claſp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepherd*, by William Smith, 1596, a ſimilar image is found:

" Doth any live that ever had ſuch hap,
" That all their actions are of none effect?
" Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap,*
" But as an abject ſtill doth me reject." MALONE.

[1] — *but bred a* dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which ſect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our authour was not obliged to have recourſe to the Greek language. The dictionaries of this time furniſhed him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard Engliſh words*, octavo, 1604. " CYNICAL, *Doggiſh*, froward." Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: " CYNICAL, *Doggiſh*, or curriſh. There was in Greece an old ſect of philoſophers ſo called, becauſe they did ever ſharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakſpeare only meant, thou wert born in a low ſtate, and uſed from thy infancy to hardſhips. MALONE.

[2] *Had'ſt thou, like us,* &c.] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the manhater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence.

" God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments

The ſweet degrees [4] that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command [*], thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect [5], but follow'd

torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I ſaid, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breaſts, they would not have been ſo humble; or if my delights had been once taſted by them, they would not have been ſo preciſe. But your lordſhip hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greateſt fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have ſtaked and bubyed all the ways of pleaſure unto you, and left them as ſea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For ſhut your eyes never ſo long, they muſt be open at the laſt, and then you muſt ſay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A ſimilar thought occurs in the metrical romance of *William and the Werwolf*, preſerved in the library of King's College, Cambridge:

" For heretofore of hardneſſe hadſt thou never,
" But were brought forth in bliſſe as ſwitch a burde ought,
" With all maner gode metes, and to miſſe them now,
" It were a botleſs bale," &c. p. 26, B. STEEVENS.

[3] — *from our firſt* ſwath—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" No more their cradles ſhall be made their tombs,
" Nor their ſoft *ſwaths* become their winding ſheets." STEEV.

[4] *The* ſweet degrees—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c. but this neglect of the prepoſition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[*] — *Command*,] Old Copy—*command'ſt*, Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] — *precepts of* reſpect,] " The icy precepts of *reſpect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the conſequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——— Reaſon, and *reſpect*,
" Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Then, childiſh fear, avaunt! *debating*, die!
" *Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age!
" Sad pauſe and deep regard become the ſage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the king ſays,

" I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
" And *unreſpective boys*; none are for me,
" That look into me with *conſiderate* eyes."

MALONE.

The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf [6],
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment [7];
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh [8]
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden:
Thy nature did commence in ſufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe,—thy father, that poor rag [9],
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpight, put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—

[6] But *myſelf*,] The connection here requires ſome attention. *But* is here uſed to denote oppoſition; but what immediately precedes is not oppoſed to that which follows. The adverſative particle refers to the two firſt lines.

Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.
——— *But myſelf,*
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be conſidered as a parentheſis of paſſion. JOHNSON.

[7] — *than I could frame employment;*] i. e. frame employment *for*. MALONE.

[8] — *with one winter's bruſh*
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare, &c.] Somewhat of the ſame imagery is found in our authour's 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
"When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
"Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."
MALONE.

So, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:

"——— O ſummer friendſhip,
"Whoſe flatt'ring leaves that ſhadow'd us in our
"Proſperity, with the leaſt guſt drop off
"In the autumn of adverſity." STEEVENS.

[9] — *that poor rag*,] In *K. Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloſter *rag* of honour; and in the ſame play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. STEEVENS.

The term is yet uſed. The loweſt of the people are yet denominated Tag, *rag*, &c. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "— if the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiſs him,—I am no true man." MALONE.

We yet uſe the word *Ragamuffin* in the ſame ſenſe. MASON.

If

If thou had'ſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou had'ſt been a knave, and flatterer [1].

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feaſt.
[*Offering him ſomething.*

Tim. Firſt mend my company [2], take away thyſelf [3].

Apem. So I ſhall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

[1] *Thou had'ſt been a* knave, *and flatterer*,] Dryden has quoted two verſes of Virgil to ſhew how well he could have written ſatires. Shakſpeare has here given a ſpecimen of the ſame power by a line bitter beyond all bitterneſs, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worſt* by *loweſt*, which ſomewhat weakens the ſenſe, and yet leaves it ſufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the ſubtilty of diſcrimination with which Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhes the preſent character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now reſemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be underſtood of a man who endeavours to recommend himſelf by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and ſuperfluity of fawning officiouſneſs; ſuch a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical ſuperſerviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

[2] *Firſt mend* my *company*,] The old copy reads—mend *thy* company. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] — *take away thyſelf*.] This thought ſeems to have been adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It ſtands thus in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation "Apemantus ſaid unto the other; O, here is a trimme banket, *Timon*. *Timon* aunſwered againe, yea, ſaid he, *ſo thou were not here*." STEEVENS.

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends: When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curioſity [4]; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but are deſpiſed for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee [5].

Apem. An thou had'ſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou had'ſt ſome means to keep a dog.

[4] — *for too much* curioſity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courteſy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word juſtly. So, in Jervas Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1606. " — for all thoſe eye-charming graces, of which with ſuch *curioſity* ſhe had boaſted." So, in *Hobby's* tranſlation of *Caſtiglione's* Cortegiano, 1556, " A waiting gentlewoman ſhould flee *affection* or *curioſity*." *Curioſity* is here inſerted as a ſynonyme to *affection* which means *affectation*. *Curioſity* likewiſe ſeems to have meant *capriciouſneſs*. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: " Pharicles hath ſhewn me ſome curteſy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curioſity*: he hath made ſome ſhew of love, and I have not wholly ſeemed to miſlike." STEEVENS.

[5] *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here ſuppoſes that an objection againſt hatred, which through the whole tenor of the converſation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have anſwered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun inſtead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we ſhould read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

Apem.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou livedſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn [6], pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion [7], and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion [8]; and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

[6] — *the unicorn*, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the lion ſees the unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, running at him, ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Geſner Hiſt. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[7] — *thou wert german to the lion*,] This ſeems to be an alluſion to Turkiſh policy:

" Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.*
STEEVENS.

[8] — *were* remotion;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear*:

" 'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteneſs*, the being placed at a diſtance from the lion. MALONE.

Apem.

Apem. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive[1].

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'ſt burſt!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*throws a ſtone at him.*

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*

[1] *Thou art the cap*, &c.] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our authour had alſo the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

'Twixt

'Twixt natural ſon and ſire [2]! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap [2]! thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts [3]!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die!—I am quit.

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.

More things like men [4]?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves [5].

1. *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: The

[2] *'Twixt natural ſon and ſire!*]

Διὰ τῦτον ὐκ ἀδελφοὶ

Διὰ τῦτον ὐ τοχῆς. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow*
That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquiſitely beautiful and ſublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſaid—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarſely expreſſed in *King Lear*:

"——— yon ſimpering dame,
"Whoſe face *between her forks* preſages ſnow." STEEVENS.

[3] — *O thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch*, for *touchſtone*. STEEVENS.

[4] *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir T. Hanmer has tranſpoſed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unſkilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, inſtead of Timon, ſo the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a ſimilar miſtake. That line ſeems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words *I am quit*, ſeem to mark his *exit*. MALONE.

[5] *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti*. STEEV.

meet

meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3. *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily; If he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3. *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's ſons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat [6]. Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath roots [7]?

[6] — *you want much of* meat.] Thus both the players and poetical editors have given us this paſſage; quite *ſand blind*, as honeſt Launcelot ſays, to our author's meaning. If theſe poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be curſed with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

— *you want much of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

— *you want much of* men.

They have been all buſy without neceſſity. Obſerve the ſeries of the converſation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want* of *much*. Timon takes it on the wrong ſide, and tells them that their *greateſt want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he aſks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read,—your greateſt want is, you want much of *me*;—rejecting the two laſt letters of the word. The ſenſe will then be—your greateſt want is that you expect ſupplies of *me* from whom you can reaſonably expect nothing. Your neceſſities are indeed deſperate, when you apply for relief to one in my ſituation. STEEVENS.

[7] — *The earth hath roots*, &c.]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis
Pugnantis ſtomachi compoſuere famen:
Flumine vicino ſtultus ſitit.

I do not ſuppoſe theſe to be imitations, but only to be ſimilar thoughts on ſimilar occaſions. JOHNSON.

Within

Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips;
The bounteous huſwife, nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con [8],
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions [9]. Raſcal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging: truſt not the phyſician;
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob [1]: take wealth and lives together [2];

[8] — *Yet* thanks *I muſt you* con.] To *con thanks* is a very common expreſſion among our old dramatick writers. So, in the *Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Yea and well ſaid, I *con you* no thanke."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: "It is well done to practiſe thy wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." STEEVENS.

[9] *In* limited *profeſſions.*] Regular, orderly, profeſſions. So, in *Macbeth*:

"For 'tis my *limited* ſervice."

i. e. my appointed ſervice, preſcribed by the neceſſary duty and *rules* of my office. MALONE.

[1] — *truſt not the phyſician;*
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob:] Our authour's favourite daughter who married a phyſician, three years I believe before this play was written, could not have been much pleaſed with this paſſage. MALONE.

[2] — *take wealth and lives together;*] Why any attempt has been made to amend this paſſage, it is difficult to gueſs. After having counſelled the thieves to endanger their own lives by intemperance, which may deſtroy them and ſo ſave them from the gallows, he proceeds to warn them not to truſt the phyſician, when attacked by the fever brought on by a diſſolute life, becauſe *he* is a greater maſter of the art of killing than even the thief. Timon then diverts to a new ſubject, and exhorts the thieves "to do villainy like workmen;" whenever they rob, to kill alſo. So afterwards: "Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves." Sir T. Hanmer changed *lives* to *life*, from his ignorance of our authour's phraſeology. "Do not our *lives* conſiſt of the four elements?" ſays Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*: for which in the modern editions is ſubſtituted—"Does not our *life*," &c. MALONE.

Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't [3],
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery:
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun;
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears [4]; the earth's a thief,

That

[3] —*ſince you* profeſs *to do't,*] The old copy has—*proteſt.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] *The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves*
The moon into ſalt tears;] The *moon* is ſuppoſed to be humid, and perhaps a ſource of humidity, but cannot be *reſolved* by the *ſurges* of the ſea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery deſcribed: The ſun, moon, and ſea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He ſays ſimply, that the *ſun*, the *moon*, and the *ſea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the ſea, i. e. *liquid ſurge*, by ſupplying the *moon* with moiſture, robs her in turn of the *ſoft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *ſalt* is an eaſy change. In this ſenſe Milton ſpeaks of *her moiſt continent*, *Par. Loſt*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays:

" ——— the *moiſt* ſtar
" Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands." STEEV.

Shakſpeare knew that the moon was the cauſe of the tides, [See *The Tempeſt*,] and in that reſpect the liquid ſurge, that is, the waves of the ſea, riſing one upon another, in the progreſs of the tide, may be ſaid to *reſolve the moon into ſalt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooſes to ſtate the matter, loſing ſome part of her humidity, and the accretion to the ſea, in conſequence of her tears, being the cauſe of *the liquid ſurge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already ſtated, probably induced our authour here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he ſpeaks of her " *watry beams.*" Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Upon the corner of the *moon*
" Hangs a *vaporous* drop profound."

Again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the *watry moon.*"

Again, more appoſitely in *K. Richard III.*

" That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
" May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is ſo often applied by Shakſpeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " —your *ſalt tears'* head—." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Diſtaſted with the *ſalt* of broken *tears.*"

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn *ſalt tears.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" —to

That feeds and breeds by a compoſture [5] ſtolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip [6], in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops; nothing can you ſteal,
But thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs *, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3. *Thief.* He has almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

" ——— to drain
" Upon his face an *ocean* of *ſalt tears*."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we ſhould read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. i. " The continent melt itſelf into the ſea."—An obſervation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 391, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to diſturb the text here: " No alteration ſhould be made in theſe lines that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them."—In the firſt line the ſun is the *thief*; in the ſecond he is himſelf *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is ſubjected to the ſame fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herſelf *robbed* of moiſture (line 4th and 5th) by the ſea. MALONE.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poſie*, 1589, quotes ſome one of a " reaſonable good facilitie in tranſlation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's odes very well tranſlated by Ronſard the French poet—comes our minion, and tranſlates the ſame out of French into Engliſh:" and his ſtrictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronſard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of tranſcribing it. Edit. fol. p. 507.

" La terre les eaux va boivant;
" L'arbre la boit par ſa racine,
" La mer ſalee boit le vent,
" Et le ſoleil boit la marine.
" Le ſoleil eſt beu de la lune,
" Tout boit ſoit en haut ou en bas:
" Suivant ceſte reigle commune,
" Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?" FARMER.

[5] — *by a* compoſture—] i. e. compoſition, compoſt. STEEVENS.

[6] *The laws, your curb and whip,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" ——— moſt biting *laws*,
" The needful *bites* and *curbs* for headſtrong ſteeds." MALONE.

* *Steal* not *leſs*,—] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

1. *Thief.*

1. *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery [7].

2. *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true [8].

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Fla. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has deſperate want made [9]!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
How rarely [1] does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies [2]:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do [3]!

He

7 *'Tis in* the malice of mankind, *that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.*] *The malice of mankind* is uſed for *his malicious hatred of mankind.* He does not give us this advice to purſue our trade of ſtealing and to cut throats, from any good will to us, or a deſire that we ſhould thrive in our profeſſion, but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears *to* the human race. MALONE.

8 *Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true.*] The ſecond thief has juſt ſaid, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, ſays the firſt thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life ſo wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honeſt man. I have explained this eaſy paſſage, becauſe it has, I think, been miſunderſtood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the ſame exhortation to the dying Falſtaff. " — Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

9 *What an alteration of honour*
Has deſperate want made!] *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable ſtate* to a ſtate of diſgrace. JOHNSON.

1 *How* rarely—] How curiouſly; how happily. MALONE.

2 *When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies:*] He forgets his Pagan ſyſtem here again. WARBURTON.

3 *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!] It is plain, that in this whole ſpeech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for thoſe who *profeſs friendſhip* and *profeſs enmity*; for the *friend* is ſuppoſed not to be more

He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honeſt grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, ſir?

Tim. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves [4], to ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping [5]:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

Tim. Had I a ſteward ſo true, ſo juſt, and now

more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The ſenſe is, *Let me rather woo or careſs thoſe that* would *miſchief, that* profeſs to mean me miſchief, *than thoſe* that really *do* me *miſchief under falſe profeſſions of kindneſs*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myſelf*. This proverb is a ſufficient comment on the paſſage. JOHNSON.

[4] — *were* knaves,] *Knave* is here in the compound ſenſe of a *ſervant* and a *raſcal*. JOHNSON.

[5] — *Pity's ſleeping:*] So, in Daniel's Second Sonnet, 1594:
"Waken her *ſleeping pity* with your crying." MALONE.

I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read:

——— *eyes do never give,*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity ſleeping:

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to diſſolve, as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather,) *but by luſt* or *laughter*, undiſturbed *by* emotions of *pity*. JOHNSON.

So

So comfortable? It almoſt turns
My dangerous nature wild [6]. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
You perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man,—miſtake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray, and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring kindneſs [7]; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav.

[6] *It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.*] To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety leſt his phrenzy ſhould deceive him:

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.

And to this ſuſpected diſorder of mind he alludes:

*Perpetual-*ſober *gods!*—

Ye powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton, with ſome probability, for *wild* reads *mild*. The letters *w* and *m* are frequently confounded in the old copy. MALONE.

He who is ſo much diſturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already diſtracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* ſuch "a dangerous nature wild;" it is wild already. Beſides; the baſeneſs and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does
"Even make me *wild*.")

but ſurely the kindneſs and fidelity of his ſteward was more likely to ſoften and compoſe him; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore ſtrongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation.

MALONE.

[7] *If not a uſuring*—] *If not* ſeems to have ſlipt in here, by an error of the preſs, from the preceding line. Both the ſenſe and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men[8];
Hate all, curſe all: ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewel, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay,
And comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt
Curſes, ſtay not; fly, whilſt thou 'rt bleſt and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet, *and* Painter[9]; Timon *behind, unſeen.*

Pain.

I do not ſee any need of change. Timon aſks—*Has not thy kindneſs ſome covert deſign? Is it not propoſed with a view to gain ſome* equivalent *in return, or rather to gain* a great deal more *than thou offereſt? Is it not at leaſt the offspring of avarice,* if not *of ſomething worſe, of uſury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. Malone.

[8] *— from men;*] Away from human habitations. Johnson.

[9] *Enter Poet, and Painter;*] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have ſeen

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity: 'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppoſed diſtreſs

ſeen Timon, ſince Apemantus, ſtanding by him could ſee them: But the ſcenes of the thieves and ſteward have paſſed before their arrival, and yet paſſed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be ſuſpected that ſome ſcenes are tranſpoſed, for all theſe difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter firſt, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the ſcenes muſt keep their preſent order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he ſays, *he likewiſe enriched poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it muſt be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into ſeparate acts, ſo that the preſent diſtribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated, by alteration. JOHNSON.

I perceive no difficulty. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe that the Poet and Painter, after having been ſeen at a diſtance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods ſeparately in ſearch of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they ſet out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having ſearched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been deſcried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakſpeare was not very attentive to theſe minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the ſeveral perſons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not ſcruple to impart this knowledge to perſons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding ſcene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be ſuppoſed to have elapſed between this ſcene and the laſt. The regulation now adopted was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

of

of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us; and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe[1]. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as is thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf[2]: a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

[1] — *the deed* of ſaying *is quite out of uſe.*] *The* doing *of that which we have* ſaid *we would do, the accompliſhment and performance of our promiſe, is, except among the lower claſſes of mankind, quite out of uſe.* So, in *King Lear:*

" —— In my true heart
" I find ſhe names my very *deed of love.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

" As he, in his peculiar act and force,
" May give his *ſaying deed.*"

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of ſaying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

[2] — *It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf:*—] *Perſonating*, for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *uſe*, not his *perſon*. WARBURTON.

When

When the day ſerves [3], before black-corner'd night [4],
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honeſt men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. You are honeſt men: You have heard that I have
gold;

[3] *When the day ſerves*, &c.] Theobald with ſome probability aſſigns theſe two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

[4] — *before* black-corner'd *night.*] I believe that Shakſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners.*" STEEVENS.

I am

I am ſure, you have: ſpeak truth: you are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt men:—Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit[5]
Beſt in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And, for thy fiction,
[*to the* Poet.
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your boſom: yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain[6].

Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies:
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught[7],
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

---

[5] — *a counterfeit*—] It has been already obſerved, that a *portrait* was ſo called in our author's time.

" —— What find I here?
" Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.* STEEVENS.

[6] — *a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

I rather think, a complete or conſummate villain: *omnibus numeris abſolutus.* MALONE.

[7] — *in a draught,*] That is, *in the* jakes. JOHNSON.

Both.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company [a].
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*to the* Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou would'ſt not reſide
[*to the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have done work for me [*], there's payment: Hence!—
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:—
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

[a] *You that way, and you this, but two in company:—*
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.] The firſt of theſe lines has been rendered obſcure by falſe pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the ſubſequent line, inſtead of connecting them with the preceding hemiſtick. The ſecond and third line are put in appoſition with the firſt line, and are merely an illuſtration of the aſſertion contained in it. Do you (ſays Timon,) go that way, and you this, and yet ſtill *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though ſingle and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himſelf a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and ſo each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former ſpeech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or ſtab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himſelf. The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Caſſandra* puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

This paſſage may receive ſome illuſtration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "My maſter is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*. The ſenſe is, each man is *a double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a ſingle ſhare of guilt. See Dr. *Farmer's* note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. "Go, and *a knave with thee*." Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"——— if you needs will go away,
"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—"Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

[*] *You have* done *work*, &c.] For the inſertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifeſt, was omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor, I am anſwerable. Timon in this line addreſſes the Painter, whom he before called "excellent *workman*;" in the next the Poet. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn *!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter! and each falſe
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue[9],
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2. *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens grant thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget

* *Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!*—] "Thine eyes," ſays Lear to one of his daughters, "do comfort, and not burn." STEEVENS.

9 — a *cauterizing*—] The old copy reads—*cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *cancerizing*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our authour's time; being found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a ſore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almoſt every one of theſe plays. Of the word *cancerize* I have found no example. MALONE.

What

What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one concent of love [1],
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
Which now the publick body [2],—which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall [3], reſtraining aid to Timon [4];
And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render [5],

[1] — *with one* concent *of love,*] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's tranſlation of the 100th Pſalm:

"With one *conſent* let all the earth."

All our old writers ſpell the word improperly, *conſent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. MALONE.

[2] Which *now the publick body,*—] Thus the old copy, ungramatically certainly; but our authour frequently thus begins a ſentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps the careleſsneſs and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. So afterwards in the third ſcene of this act:

"*Whom*, though in general part we were oppos'd,
"Yet our old love made a particular force,
"And made us ſpeak like friends."

Sir T. Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what overſight could *Which* be printed inſtead of *And?* MALONE.

[3] *Of its own* fall,—] The Athenians *had ſenſe*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once ſuſpected that our authour wrote—of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"That if you *fail* in our requeſt, the blame
"May hang upon your hardneſs."

But a ſubſequent paſſage fully ſupports the reading of the text:

"——— In, and prepare:
"Our's is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the ſnare."

Again, in ſc. iv:

"Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
"Whoſe *fall* the mark of his ambition is." MALONE.

[4] — *reſtraining aid to Timon;*] I think it ſhould be *refraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the word furniſhed by the old copy. MALONE.

[5] — ſorrowed *render,*] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confeſſion*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iv.

"——— may drive us to a *render*
"Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

Together

Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram[6];
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power[7], and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* An shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that,—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,

[6] — *a recompence more fruitful*
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;] A recompence so large that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam.
MALONE.

[7] Allow'd *with absolute power,*] *Allowed* is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So, of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will; a privileged scoffer.
JOHNSON.

There's

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp[8],
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous gods[9],
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow; My long ſickneſs[1]
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!

1. *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips as they paſs through them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

[8] *There's not a* whittle *in the unruly camp,*] A *whittle* is ſtill in the midland counties the common name for a pocket claſp knife, ſuch as children uſe. Chaucer ſpeaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" STEEVENS.

[9] — *of the* proſperous *gods,*] I believe *proſperous* is uſed here with our poet's uſual laxity, in an active, inſtead of a paſſive, ſenſe: *the gods who are the authours of the proſperity of mankind.* So, in *Othello:*

"To my unfolding lend a *proſperous* ear."

I leave you, ſays Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great diſtributors of proſperity, that they may *ſo* keep and guard you, as jailors do thieves: i. e. for final puniſhment. MALONE.

[1] — *My long ſickneſs*] The diſeaſe of life begins to promiſe me a period. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close[2],
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree[3],
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Whom once a day[4] with his emboſſed froth[5]
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.

[2] *I have a tree which grows here in my cloſe,*] Our authour was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "It is reported of him alſo, that this Timon on a time, (the people being aſſembled in the market-place about diſpatch of ſome affaires) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly uſe to ſpeake unto the people; and ſilence being made, everie man liſtening to hear what he would ſay, becauſe it was a wonder to ſee him in that place, at length he began to ſpeak in this manner: My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my houſe where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themſelves; and becauſe I meane to make ſome building upon the place, I thought good to let you all underſtand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be deſperate, you may there in time go hang yourſelves." MALONE.

[3] — *in the ſequence of degree,*] Methodically, from higheſt to loweſt. JOHNSON.

[4] Whom *once a day*—] Old Copy.—*Who.* For the correction I am anſwerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the ſecond folio) read—"*Which* once," &c. MALONE.

[5] — *emboſſed* froth—] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. See a note on the firſt ſcene of the *Taming of the Shrew*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

Emboſſed froth, is ſwollen froth; from *boſſe*, Fr. a tumour. The term *emboſſed*, when applied to a deer, is from *embocar*, Sp. to caſt out of the mouth. MALONE.

1. *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril[6].

1. *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, *and a* Meſſenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2. *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard,, if they bring not Timon.

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend[7];—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends[8]:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt; In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *In our* dear *peril.*] *Dear*, in Shakſpeare's language, is *dire, dreadful.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven." MALONE.

[7] — one *mine ancient friend;*] Mr. Upton would read,

—— once *mine ancient friend.* STEEVENS.

[8] Whom, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak *like friends;*] Our authour hurried away by ſtrong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the conſtruction of ſentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on oppoſite ſides in the public cauſe, yet the force of our old affection wrought ſo much *upon*, as to make *him ſpeak to me* as a friend. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's *Cave, and a tomb-ſtone ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription, this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho!—No anſwer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt read this; there does not live a man [9].

[9] *Some beaſt* read *this; there does not live a man.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton read—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. "The ſoldier (ſays Theobald) had *yet* only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it." In ſupport of this emendation, which was ſuggeſted to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes theſe lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge:*

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *houſe*
"Built by a better architect than *beaſts*."

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the ſoldier call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himſelf; which he does *afterwards*.

Beſides; from the time he aſks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inſcription?*] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the obſervation evidently relates to Timon himſelf, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beaſt *read* this,"—the ſoldier is firſt made to call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, without aſſigning any reaſon for ſo extraordinary a requiſition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at laſt, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inſcription. Let me add, that a beaſt being as unable to read as the ſoldier, it would be abſurd to call on one for aſſiſtance; whilſt on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth reſembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifeſt that it muſt have been formed by a beaſt.

A paſſage in *K. Lear* alſo adds ſupport to the emendation:

"——— this hard *houſe*,
"More hard than are the ſtones whereof 'tis *rais'd*."

MALONE.

"The ſoldier" [ſays Dr. Warburton] "had only ſeen the rude heap of earth." He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him Timon was dead, and what could tell him that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome beaſt read this*, for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a ſoldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

Dead, ſure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley ſounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms [1], and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh [2],
When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, *No more* [3]: now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe of fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity [4].

[1] — *travers'd arms*—] Arms acroſs.

[2] — *the time is* fluſh,] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

[3] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries of itſelf, No more:—] The marrow was ſuppoſed to be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

The image may as juſtly be ſaid to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his ſhoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

[4] *Above* their *quantity*.] *Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," muſt be conſidered as parenthetical. The modern editors have ſubſtituted *ingratitudes* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

2. *Sen.*

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means [5];
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1. *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs [6]: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them [7].

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts [8]. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare [9], to take,
On thoſe that are, revenges [*]: crimes, like lands,

[5] — *by promis'd* means;] i. e. by promiſing him a competent ſubſiſtance. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "Your *means* are very ſlender, and your waſte is great." MALONE.

[6] *You have receiv'd your* griefs.] The old copy has—*grief;* but as the ſenator in his preceding ſpeech uſes the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the preſs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[7] *For private faults in* them.] That is, in the perſons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

[8] *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs*
Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough not to baniſh you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wiſh to diſturb the manes of Theobald, yet think ſome emendation may be offered that will make the conſtruction leſs harſh, and the ſentence more ſerious. I read:

Shame that they wanted, coming *in exceſs*,
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had ſo long *wanted*, *at laſt* coming in *its utmoſt* exceſs.
JOHNSON.

[9] — *not ſquare*—] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

[*] — *revenges:*] Old Copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding ſpeech. MALONE.

Are

Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports [1]:
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter [2], or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedy'd [3], to your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

[1] — *uncharged ports:* That is, *unguarded gates.* JOHNSON.
Uncharged means unattacked. MASON.
Mr. Maſon is right. So, in Shakſpeare's 70th Sonnet:
" Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
" Either not aſſail'd, or victor, being *charg'd.*" MALONE.

[2] — *not a man*
Shall paſs his quarter,] Not a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and, if any commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

[3] *But ſhall be* remedy'd,] The conſtruction is, But he ſhall be remedied; but Shakſpeare means, that his offence ſhall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the ſecond folio, for *to*, in the laſt line but one of this ſpeech, ſubſtituted *by*, which all the ſubſequent editors adopted. MALONE.
Both.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words [4].

The Senators *deſcend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interprets for my poor ignorance [*].

Alc. [reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left [5]*!*
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brain's flow [6], and thoſe our droplets which

[4] Deſcend, *and keep your words.*] Old Copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[*] —*for my* poor *ignorance.*] *Poor* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, as *door* is in *the Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

[5] — *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs.* STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two diſtinct epitaphs which Shakſpeare found in Plutarch. The firſt couplet is ſaid by Plutarch to have been compoſed by Timon himſelf as his epitaph; the ſecond to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the ſlight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, aroſe from our authour's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28.

TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

" My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and paſt,
" My carren corps enterred here, is graſpt in ground,
" In weltring waves of ſwelling ſeas by ſourges caſte;
" My name if thou deſire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE.

[6] — *our* brain's *flow,*—] *Our brain's flow* is *our tears.* JOHNSON.

So, in Sir *Giles Goſecap*, 1606:

" I ſhed not the tears of my *brain.*"

Again, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
" Cannot yet ſtay *the fountains of his brain.*" STEEVENS.

From

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven [7]. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach [8].—
Let our drums ſtrike [1]. [*Exeunt.*

7 — *on faults forgiven.*] I ſuſpect that we ought to read:

On thy low grave.—*One* fault's forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from puniſhment by the death of the injured perſon. TYRWHITT.

I formerly thought Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture very probable, (*on* being frequently printed for *one* in theſe plays,) but the old reading and punctuation, which I have followed, appear to me now ſufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald aſks, "why ſhould Neptune weep over Timon's faults, or, indeed, what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon had committed, were, 1. that boundleſs prodigality which his Steward ſo forcibly deſcribes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Miſanthrope*, and abjuring the ſociety of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald ſuppoſes that Alcibiades bids the ſenate ſet forward, aſſuring them at the ſame time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:—Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he ſhould deſert the ſubject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different ſubject, in theſe three words; and then return to Timon again? to ſay nothing of the ſtrangeneſs of the phraſe—*faults forgiven*, for "faults *are* forgiven." MALONE.

9 — *leach.*] i. e. phyſician. STEEVENS.

1 The play of *Timon* is a domeſtick tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

In this tragedy, are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe myſelf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the ſtage in 1678. In the *modeſt* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Manhater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.* STEEVENS.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never ſtal'd with the ſtage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet paſſing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you ſhould ſee all thoſe grand cenſors, that now ſtile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: eſpecially this authours commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerve for the moſt common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, ſhewing ſuch a dexteritie and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all ſuch dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-ſelves, and have parted better-wittied than they came: feeling an edge of witte ſet upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and ſuch ſavored ſalt of witte is in his commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea that brought forth Venus. Amongſt all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much as will make you think your teſterne well beſtowd) but for ſo much worth, as even poore I know to be ſtuſt in it. It deſerves ſuch a labour, as well as the beſt commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of ſale, you will ſcramble for them, and ſet up a new Engliſh inquiſition, Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleaſures loſſe, and judgements, refuſe not, nor like this the leſſe, for not being ſullied with the ſmoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the ſcape it hath made amongſt you: ſince by the grand poſſeſſors wills I believe you ſhould have prayd for them [r. *it*] rather than beene prayd. And ſo I leave all ſuch to bee prayd for (for the ſtates of their wits healths) that will not praiſe it, *Vale.*

PROLOGUE[1].

IN Troy, there lies the ſcene. From iſles of Greece
The princes orgillous[2], their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens ſent their ſhips
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ranſack Troy; within whoſe ſtrong immures
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris ſleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's ſix-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with maſſy ſtaples,
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts[3],
Sperr up the ſons of Troy[4].

Now

[1] This prologue is found only in the folio edition. MALONE.

[2] *The princes* orgillous,] *Orgillous*, i. e. proud, diſdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is uſed in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

" His atyre was *orgulous*." STEEVENS.

[3] —fulfilling *bolts*,] To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this ſenſe it is now obſolete. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

" A luſtie maide, a ſobre, a meke,
" *Fulfilled* of all curtoſie."

Again:

" *Fulfilled* of all unkindſhip." STEEVENS.

To be *fulfilled* with grace and benediction, is ſtill the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

[4] Sperr *up the ſons of Troy*.] The old copy has—*Stirre*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. To *ſperre*, he obſerves, is to *ſhut up*, to *defend* by *bars*.—The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reaſon aſſigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the inſtance of *Antenorides*, inſtead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate ſhews that was an errour of the printer. MALONE.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 10:

" The other that was entred, labour'd faſt
" To *ſperre* the gate," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. II. chap. 12:

" When chaſed home into his holdes, there *ſparred* up in gates." STEEVENS.

Mr.

PROLOGUE.

Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd[5],—but not in confidence
Of authour's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument,—

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarouſly demoliſhed by the editors; and a deal of learned duſt he makes in ſetting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's ſatisfaction. Indeed the learning is modeſtly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly inſtructed to read—

" Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, Trojan,
" And Antenorides,"

But had he looked into the *Troy boke* of *Lydgate*, inſtead of puzzling himſelf with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakeſpeare, nor his editors.

" Therto his eyte | compaſſed enuyrowne
" Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne:
" The firſte of all | and ſtrengeſt eke with all,
" Largeſt alſo | and moſte pryncypall,
" Of myghty byldyng | alone perceleſs,
" Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes*;
" And in ſtorye | lyke as it is founde,
" *Tymbria* | was named the ſeconde;
" And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,
" The fourthe gate | hyghte alſo *Cetheas*;
" The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the ſyxth *Anthenydes*,
" Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes."

Lond. empr. by R. Pynſon, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. ii.

The *Troy Boke* was ſomewhat modernized, and reduced into regular ſtanzas, about the beginning of the laſt century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailes in open Field againſt the Grecians; wherein there were ſlaine on both Sides* Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thouſand, Fourſcore and Sixe Men.—Fol no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and ſeveral other criticks, have erroneouſly quoted as the *original*; and obſerve in conſequence, that " if Chaucer's *coin* were of *greater weight* for *deeper learning*, Lydgate's were of a more *refined ſtandard* for *purer language*: ſo that one might miſtake him for a modern writer!" EARMER.

On other occaſions, in the courſe of this play, I ſhall inſert quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the moſt intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

[5] *A prologue arm'd*,] I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's abilities. but merely in a character ſuited to the ſubject, in a dreſs of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

To

PROLOGUE.

To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[6] and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning in the middle; ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

[6] —*the vaunt*—] i. e. the *avaunt*, what went before. STEEVENS.
The *vaunt* is the *van guard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

Perſons Repreſented.

Priam, *king of* Troy:
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
} *his Sons.*
Æneas,
Antenor,
} Trojan *Commanders.*
Chalchas, *a* Trojan *prieſt, taking part with the* Greeks
Pandarus, *Uncle to* Creſſida.
Margarelon, *a baſtard ſon of* Priam.

Agamemnon, *the* Grecian *General*:
Menelaus, *his brother.*
Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
} Grecian *Commanders.*
Therſites, *a deformed and ſcurrilous* Grecian.
Alexander, *ſervant to* Creſſida.
Servant to Troilus; *Servant to* Paris; *Servant to* Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to* Menelaus.
Andromache, *wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *daughter to* Priam; *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy, *and the* Grecian *Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace*.

Enter TROILUS *arm'd, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet[2], I'll unarm again:
Why ſhould I war without the walls of Troy,
That

[1] The ſtory was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and ſince by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the ſtory of *Troilus and Creſſida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gaſcoigne ſpeaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his firſt Triumph*: "Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that gloſe") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verſe, and that Chaucer tranſlated it. Lollius was a hiſtoriographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakſpeare received the greateſt part of his materials for the ſtructure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a tranſlator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Meſſina in Sicily, and wrote his *Hiſtory of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretenſis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On theſe, as Mr. Warton obſerves, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taſte of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction eaſily admitted; at the ſame time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic ſtories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was publiſhed at Cologne, in 1477, again in 1480: at Straſburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been tranſlated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into Engliſh in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. ſo that there muſt have been yet ſome earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto ſeen or heard of, unleſs his firſt tranſlator had recourſe to a manuſcript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Graſton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Creſſida famous, which very probably might have been Shakſpeare's inducement to try their fortune on the ſtage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynſon, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wiſe, between *Troilus* and *Creſſida*," Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Creſſida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The firſt of theſe entries is in the name of Edward White, the ſecond in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the hiſtory of Troilus and Creſſida." STEEVENS.

Thee

That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is maſter of his heart,

Let

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the bookſellers for whom this play was publiſhed in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without Shakeſpeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakſpeare's plays thought it their intereſt to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the concluſion, theſe words: "Thank fortune for the 'ſcape it hath made amongſt you, ſince, by the grand poſſeſſors wills, I believe you ſhould have prayed for them, rather than been prayed," &c. By the *grand poſſeſſors*, I ſuppoſe, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouſes at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malcontent*, written by Webſter, and augmented by Marſton, 1604, is the following paſſage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having intereſt in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo ſexto with them? They taught us a name for our plays; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome actors, who think it againſt their peculiar profit to have them come in print,"

STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practiſed by writers as well as actors. It ſtands on record againſt *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594 and 1599, that he ſold the laſt of theſe pieces to two different theatres: "Maſter R. G. would it not make you bluſh, &c. if you ſold not *Orlando Furioſo* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, ſold the ſame play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592. COLLINS.

Notwithſtanding what has been ſaid by a *late editor*, I have a copy of the *firſt folio*, including *Troilus and Creſſida*. Indeed, as I have juſt now obſerved, it was at firſt either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *liſt* of the plays, and is thruſt in between the *hiſtories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *ſecond folio*. FARMER.

I have

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended[3]?

Tro. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder[4] than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs[5] as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

I have conſulted *eleven copies* of the *firſt folio*, and *Troilus* and *Creſſida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

[2] —*my* varlet,] This word anciently ſignified a ſervant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the battle of Agincourt: "—diverſe were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an antient epitaph in the churchyard of ſaint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy giſt Hakin et ſon *varlet*,
"Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec ſon eſpé et ſalloche," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is ſomewhat proverbial in this queſtion, which I likewiſe meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this gere be amended*,
"Nor your ſinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

[4] —*fonder*—] i. e. more weak, or fooliſh. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *And ſkill-leſs*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this ſpeech as it ſtands, except that he has changed *ſkill-leſs* to *artleſs*, not for the better, becauſe *ſkill-leſs* refers to *ſkill* and *ſkilful*. JOHNSON.

A very *fond* and *ſkill-leſs Remarker* on this note, aſks, "and does not *artleſs* refer to *art* and *artful*?"—Where will he find *art* and *artful* in this paſſage? The other words mentioned by Dr. Johnſon have occurred before. MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench[6] at ſufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I ſit;
And when fair Creſſid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes!—When ſhe is thence[7]?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſter-night fairer than ever I ſaw her look; or any woman elſe.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm[8])
Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile*:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more compariſon between the women,—But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her,—But I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did.
I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit: but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand[9],

In

[6] *Doth leſſer* blench—] To *blench* is to ſhrink, ſtart, or fly off. So in *Hamlet:*

" ——— if he but *blench*,
" I know my courſe—."

Again, in the *Pilgrim* by B. and Fletcher:

" —— men that will not totter,
" Nor *blench* much at a bullet." STEEVENS.

[7] —*when ſhe comes!—When is ſhe thence?*] Both the old copies read—*then* ſhe comes, when *ſhe is* thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

[8] —*a ſtorm*—] Old Copies—a *ſcorn*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*—*in* wrinkle *of a* ſmile] So, in *Twelfth Night:* " He doth *ſmile* his face into more *lines* than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." MALONE.

[9] Handleſt *in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand*, &c.] *Handleſt* is here uſed metaphorically, with an alluſion at the ſame time to its literal meaning;

In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman[1]! This thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay—I love her;
But, ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handleſt* is perfectly in our authour's manner.

The beauty of a female hand ſeems to have made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind, Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra ſhould be touched:

" ——To let a fellow that will take rewards,
" And ſay, *God quit you*, be familiar with
" My play-fellow, your *hand*,—this kingly ſeal,
" And plighter of high hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— they may ſeize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*."

In the *Winter's Tale* Florizel with equal warmth, and not leſs poetically, deſcants on the hand of his miſtreſs:

" —— I take thy hand; this hand
" As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
" Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd ſnow
" That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er."

This paſſage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait: her voice
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe;—O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon, &c. MALONE.

We have the ſame play of words in *Titus Andronicus:*

" O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
" Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none!"

We may be certain therefore that thoſe lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. MALONE.

[1] — *and* ſpirit *of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of ploughman!] *In compariſon with* Creſſida's *hand*, ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*, the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquiſite power of ſenſibility, which implies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as Scaliger ſays in his *Exercitations*, reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and inſenſible palm of the ploughman.

Warburton reads:—ſpite *of ſenſe*: Hanmer,—to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe*. It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs in *ſpite of ſenſe*; for though he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands[2].

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen: an ſhe were not kin to me, we ſhould be as fair on friday, as Helen is on ſunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to ſtay behind her father[3]; let her to the Greeks; and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit.* PANDARUS. *An Alarm.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

[2] — *ſhe has the mends in her own hands.*] She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of coſmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the beſt of a bad bargain.* So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I ſhall ſtay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*" Again, in S. Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of ſtripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*" Again, in the *Wild Gooſe Chaſe*, by B. and Fletcher:

"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the ſurgeon's."

STEEVENS.

[3] — *to ſtay behind her father;*] Calchas, according to Shakſpeare's authority, *The Deſtruction of Troy*, was "a great learned biſhop of Troy," who was ſent by Priam to conſult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As ſoon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo" (ſays the book) "aunſwered unto him, ſaying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes ſhall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hiſt. of the Deſtruction of Troy*, tranſlated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent *biſhop* followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

Fools

Fools on both ſides! Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſi l is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium[4], and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark[5].

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not a field[6]?

Tro. Becauſe not there; This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the ſport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Between our* Ilium,] *Ilium* or *Ilion* (for it is ſpelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the authour of the *Deſtruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is ſaid by theſe writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV ſc. v. on the words—"Yon towers, &c. MALONE.

[5] — *this ſailing Pandar,*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*;
"This punk is one of Cupid's *carriers*;
"Clap on more *ſails*, &c. MALONE.

[6] *How now, prince* Troilus? *wherefore not afield?*] Shakſpeare, it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* improperly as a diſſyllable; as every *mere* Engliſh reader does at this day. So alſo, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:
"Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* ſwounds."
MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA, *and* ALEXANDER.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battle. Hector, whoſe patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd[7], to day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and ſtruck his armourer;
And, like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe*, he was harneſs'd light[8],
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foreſaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Alex. The noiſe goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him;

Alex. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe*[9],
And ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

7 — *Hector, whoſe patience*
Is, as a virtue, fix'd,] Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and conſtant. JOHNSON.

* — *as there were huſbandry in war,*
Before the ſun roſe, &c.] *Huſbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early riſing. So, in *K. Henry V.*
" — our bad neighbours make us *early ſtirrers,*
" Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry.*" MALONE.

8 — *he was* harneſs'd *light,*] i. e. he put on light armour. Dr. Warburton has written a long note to ſhew that light armour was very proper on this occaſion, becauſe " Æneas was to fight on *foot.*" If he had looked into *The Deſtruction of Troy* already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each ſide were alternately tumbled from their *horſes* by the proweſs of their adverſaries. MALONE.

9 — *per ſe,*] So, in Chaucer's *Teſtament of Creſſeide:*
" Of faire Creſſeide, the floure and *a per ſe*
" Of Troie and Greece."
Again, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable,* 1602:
" That is the *a per ſe* of all, the creame of all." STEEVENS.

Alex.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions*; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſh'd into folly[1], his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair[2]; He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no uſe; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They ſay, he yeſterday coped Hector in the battle, and ſtruck him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept Hector faſting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good-morrow, couſin Creſſid: What do you talk of?—Good-morrow, Alexander.—How do you, couſin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone: but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; Hector was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

* —*their particular additions*;] Their peculiar and characteriſtick qualities or denominations. The term in this ſenſe is originally forenſick. MALONE.

[1] —*that his valour* is cruſh'd into folly,] To be *cruſhed into folly*, is to be *confuſed* and mingled with *folly*, ſo as that they make one maſs together. JOHNSON.

[2] —*againſt the hair*:] is a phraſe equivalent to another now in uſe —*againſt the grain*. The French ſay—*à contrepoil*. STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too.

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre O, Jupiter! there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them; he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf.—'Would 'a were himſelf! Well, the gods are above[3]; Time muſt friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector ſhall not have his wit* this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herſelf ſwore

[3] *Well, the gods are above;*] So, in *Othello:* "Heaven's above all." MALONE.

* —*his wit*—] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe, MALONE.

the

the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs,)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus ſhould have too much: if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry Greek[4], indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him the other day into the compaſs'd window[5],—and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter[6]?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—ſhe came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

[4] —*a merry Greek*,] *Græcari* among the Romans ſignified to play the reveller, STEEVENS.

The expreſſion occurs in many old Engliſh books. See Act IV. ſc. iv. "A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the *merry Greeks*." MALONE.

[5] —*compaſs'd window*,] The *compaſs'd window* is the ſame as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

A *coved* cieling is yet in ſome places called a *compaſs'd* cieling. MALONE.

[6] —*ſo old a* lifter?] The word *lifter* is uſed for a *thief* by Greene, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591; on this the humour of the paſſage may be ſuppoſed to turn. We ſtill call a perſon who plunders ſhops, a *ſhop-lifter*. Jonſon uſes the expreſſion in *Cynthia's Revels*: "One other peculiar virtue you poſſeſs is, *lifting*." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foiſts, puggards, courbers." STEEVENS.

Hliſtus, in the Gothic language ſignifies a *thief*. See *Archæology*. Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

Cre.

Cre. O, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cre. Troilus will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. Troilus? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chooſe but laugh, to think how ſhe tickled his chin;—Indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was ſuch laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-ſtones[7].

Pan. And Caſſandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan That's true; make no queſtion of that. *One and fifty hairs*[8], quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father,*

[7] —*her eyes ran o'er—with mill-ſtones.*] So, in *K. Richard III:*

" Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears."

MALONE.

[8] —One *and fifty hairs,*] The old copies, here and above, have —*Two* and fifty. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The well known number of Priam's ſons proves it to be right. MALONE.

father, and all the reſt are his ſons. Jupiter! quoth ſhe, *which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The forked one,* quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was ſuch laughing! and Helen ſo bluſh'd, and Paris ſo chafed, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſs'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May. [*A Retreat ſounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward Ilium? good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit[9], I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the ſoundeſt judgments in Troy, whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon:

[9] *That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit,*]
" Anthenor was ———— —
" Copious in words, and one that much time ſpent
" To jeſt, when as he was in companie,
" So driely, that no man could it eſpie;
" And therewith held his countenaunce ſo well,
" That every man received great content
" To heare him ſpeake, and pretty jeſts to tell,
" When he was pleaſant, and in merriment:
" For tho' that he moſt commonly was ſad,
" Yet in his ſpeech ſome jeſt he always had."
Lidgate, p. 105. STEEVENS.

—When

—When comes Troilus?—I'll ſhew you Troilus anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more[1].

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man?

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! There's no jeſting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they ſay: there be hacks!

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good!—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who ſaid, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could ſee Troilus now!—you ſhall ſee Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus?—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus!

[1] *If he do, the rich ſhall have more.*] The alluſion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our authour's time, and long before, ſignify *a ſilly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, ſignify likewiſe *full of nods*. Creſſid means, that *a noddy ſhall have more nods*. JOHNSON.

there's

there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his ſword is bloody'd*, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's[1]? And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot[2].

Forces paſs over the ſtage.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be ſuch a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſuch like, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?

* —*how his* ſword is bloody'd,] So Lydgate deſcribing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

"He was ſo ferſe that might him not withſtand,
"When that he helde his *blody ſworde* in hand."

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. MALONE.

[1] — *his helm more hack'd than Hector's;*] So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, b. iii. 640:

"His *helme to hewin* was in twenty places," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] — *an eye to boot.*] So the quarto. The folio, with leſs force, —give *money* to boot. JOHNSON.

[3] —*no* date *in the pye,*—] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it ſhould be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient paſtry of almoſt every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

Again, in *All's well that ends well.* Act I. "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek." STEEVENS.

Cre. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye[3],—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles[4]; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty: and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another!

Enter Troilus' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe? there he unarms him[5].

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the ſame token—you are a bawd.—[*Exit* Pan.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thouſand fold I ſee
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's ſoul lies in the doing[6]:
That

[4] —*upon my wit, to defend my* wiles;] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the authour wrote:

—upon my wit, to defend my *will.*

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in oppoſition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" What *wit* ſets down, is blotted ſtraight with *will.*"

Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

[5] —*there he unarms him.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

[6] —*joy's ſoul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

—the *ſoul's joy* lies in doing. JOHNSON.

This

That she[7] belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though[8] my heart's content[9] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

This tasteless alteration was originally made by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[7] *That she*—] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

[8] *Then though*—] The quarto reads *Then;* the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *That.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*my heart's* content—] perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart. So, in our authour's Dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content.*"—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *contents.* Dr. Warburton by *content* understands *capacity.* MALONE.

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction, with a broad[1] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter, by itſelf
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat[2],
Great Agamemnon, Neſtor ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words[3]. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt[4], making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk[5]?
But let the ruffian Boreas once engage
The gentle Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

[1] —*broad*—] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

[2] —thy godlike *ſeat*,] The throne in which thou ſitteſt, "like a deſcended god." The quarto has—*the* godlike. The folio—Thy *godly*. MALONE.

[3] *Neſtor ſhall* apply
Thy lateſt words.] Neſtor *applies* the words to another inſtance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Neſtor means, that he will *attend particularly to*, and conſider, Agamemnon's lateſt words. So, in an ancient Interlude entitled *The Nice Wanton*, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well ſpent;
"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

[4] —*patient breaſt*,] The quarto not ſo well:—*ancient* breaſt. JOHNSON.

[5] *With thoſe of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the ſame thought, though more diffuſedly expreſſed:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
"Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
"Invaſitque vias; it eodem anguſta phaſelus
"Æquore, et immenſi partem ſibi vendicat auſtri."

Pope has imitated the paſſage. STEEVENS.

* *But let the ruffian Boreas once engage the gentle Thetis,*] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "When I have ſeen Boreas begin to play the *ruffian* with us, then would I down on my knees." MALONE.

Bounding

Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe[6]: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize[7],
Than by the tyger: but when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under ſhade[8], Why, then, the thing of courage[9],
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune[1].

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,—

[6] *Bounding between the two moiſt elements,*
Like Perſeus' horſe:] Mercury according to the fable preſented Perſeus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horſe. The only flying horſe of antiquity was Pegaſus; and he was the property, not of Perſeus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabuliſt, the authour of *the Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which furniſhed him with ſome other circumſtances of this play. Of the horſe alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account: "Of the blood that iſſued out [from Meduſa's head] there engendered Pegaſus, or the *flying horſe*. By the flying horſe that was engendered of the blood iſſued from her head, is underſtood, that of her riches iſſuing of that realme he [Perſeus] founded and made a *ſhip* named Pegaſe,—and *this ſhip was likened unto an horſe flying*," &c. Again: "By this faſhion Perſeus conquered the head of Meduſa, and did make Pegaſe, the moſt ſwift ſhip that was in all the world."—In another place the ſame writer aſſures us, that this ſhip, which he always calls Perſeus' flying horſe, "*flew on the ſea like unto a bird.*" *Deſt. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155,—164. MALONE.

7 — *by the* brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horſe-fly*. STEEVENS.

[8] *And flies fled under ſhade,*] i. e. And flies *are* fled under ſhade. I have obſerved ſimilar omiſſions in the works of many of our authour's contemporaries. MALONE.

[9] — *the thing of courage,*] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. HANMER.

[1] Returns *to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unneceſſarily, the ſenſe being the ſame. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noiſy, clamourous. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood,"

Thou

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up,—hear what Ulyſſes ſpeaks.
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which,—moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,—
[*to* Agamemnon.
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,—
[*to* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air (ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
To his experienc'd tongue[2],—yet let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great,—and wiſe,—to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

Agam.

[2] —*ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond *of* air—*knit all the Greekiſh ears*
To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulyſſes begins his oration with praiſing thoſe who had ſpoken before him, and marks the characteriſtick excellencies of their different eloquence,—ſtrength and ſweetneſs, which he expreſſes by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the inſtruction of poſterity. The ſpeech of Agamemnon is ſuch that it ought to be engraven in braſs, and the tablet held up by him on the one ſide, and Greece on the other, to ſhew the union of their opinion. And Neſtor ought to be exhibited in ſilver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his ſoft and gentle elocution. Braſs is the common emblem of ſtrength, and ſilver of gentleneſs. We call a ſoft voice a *ſilver* voice, and a perſuaſive tongue a *ſilver* tongue.—I once read for *band*, the *hand* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *batch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*. to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the deſcription of Agamemnon's ſpeech, there is a plain alluſion to the old cuſtom of *engraving* laws and public records in *braſs*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general reſort. Our author has the ſame alluſion in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. i. The Duke, ſpeaking of the merit of Angelo and Eſcalus, ſays, that

" —— it deſerves *with characters of braſs*
" A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
" And razure of oblivion."

So far therefore is clear. Why Neſtor is ſaid to be *batch'd in ſilver*, is much more obſcure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd*

in

Agam. Speak[1], prince of Ithaca; and be't of leſs expect

That

batch'd in ſilver, alluding to his *ſilver hair*; the ſame metaphor being uſed by Timon, Act IV. ſc. iv, to Phryne and Timandra:

" —*thatch* your poor thin roofs
" With burthens of the dead—."

But I know not whether the preſent reading may not be underſtood to convey the ſame alluſion; as I find, that the ſpecies of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly uſed in the *hilts of ſwords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. alſo, *Hatched, as the hilt of a ſword*: and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. alſo, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*:

" When thine own bloody ſword cried out againſt thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him—."

After all, the conſtruction of this paſſage is very harſh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left ſo by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is neceſſary; *batch'd in ſilver*, may mean, whoſe white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on ſilver. The word is metaphorically uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *batch'd in* blood."

Again, literally, in the *Two merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,—
" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *batch'd*
" *With ſilver*—."

The voice of Neſtor, which on all occaſions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, becauſe its operations were viſible, though his voice, like the wind, was unſeen. STEEVENS.

In the following verſes in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the ſame picture of Neſtor is given. The fifth line of the firſt ſtanza may lead us to the true interpretation of the words *batch'd in ſilver*. In a ſubſequent paſſage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned: "I'll hide my *ſilver* beard in a gold beaver." Dr. Johnſon therefore is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that there is any alluſion to the ſoft voice or *ſilver tongue* of Neſtor.—The poet, however, might mean not merely that Neſtor looked *like* a figure engraved in ſilver (as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes); but that he ſhould actually be ſo engraved.

With reſpect to the breath or ſpeech of Neſtor, here called a *bond of air*, it is ſo truly Shakſpearian, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of the genuineneſs of the expreſſion. Shakſpeare frequently calls words *wind*, and *air*. So, in one of his poems;

" — ſorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of *words*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again,

That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon his baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,

Again, more appoſitely, in *Much ado about nothing:*

" Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verſes above alluded to are theſe:

" There pleading you might ſee grave *Neſtor* ſtand,
" As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight?
" Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
" That it *beguil'd attention*, charm'd the ſight;
" In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, *his beard all ſilver white*
" Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
" Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky.

" About him were a preſs of gaping faces,
" Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice,
" All jointly liſt'ning but with ſeveral graces,
" As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice;
" Some high, ſome low: the painter was ſo nice,
" The ſcalps of many almoſt hid behind
" To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called *ſpeech that beguil'd attention*, is in the text a *bond of air*; i. e. *breath*, or words, that ſtrongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the ſame poem we find a kindred expreſſion:

" Feaſt-finding minſtrels, tuning my defame,
" Will *tie* the *hearers* to *attend* each line,"

Again, more appoſitely, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. no date;

" Torlton, whoſe *tongue* men's ears in *chains* could *bind*."

The word *knit*, which alone remains to be noticed, is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſame manner. So, in *Macbeth:*

" — to the which my duties
" Are with a moſt indiſſoluble *tie*
" For ever *knit*."

Again, in *Othello:* " I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me *knit* to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs."

A paſſage in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, may illuſtrate that before us: " Whether now perſuaſions may not be ſaid violent and forcible, eſpecially to ſimple myndes, in ſpecial I refer to all men's judgment that hear the ſtory. At leaſt waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie deviſe or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he ſaw in the portrait of Hercules within the city of Marſeilles in Provence; where they had figured a luſtie *old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tongue, by the other end at the people's eares*, who ſtood afar of, and ſeemed to be *drawne to him by force of that chayne faſtened to his tong*; as who would ſay, by force of his perſuaſions." MALONE.

3 Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

But

But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule[4] hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center[5],
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil[7],
And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to diſorder wander[8],

What

[4] *The ſpeciality of rule*—] The particular rights of ſupreme authority. JOHNSON.

[5] *When that the general* is not like *the hive*,] The meaning is, *When the general is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repoſitory of the ſtock of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed. JOHNSON.

[6] *The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this* center,] By this *center* Ulyſſes means the earth itſelf, not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed, the center of the earth. According to the ſyſtem of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move. MASON.

This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in Hooker: "If celeſtial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way: and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves; what would become of man?" WARBURTON.

[7] *Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil*,] So the folio. The quarto reads:

Corrects the influence of evil planets. MALONE.

[8] —*But, when the planets*,
In evil mixture, to diſorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to aſtrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aſpects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be ſomewhat explained by Spenſer, to whom he ſeems to be indebted for his preſent alluſion:

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrours,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates[9]
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is ſhak'd[1],
Which is the ladder of all high deſigns,
The enterprize is ſick[2]! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities[3],

" For who ſo liſt into the heavens looke,
" And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheres,
" Shall find that from the point where they firſt tooke
" Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
" They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
" For that ſame golden fleecy ram, which bore
" Phrixus and Helle from their ſtepdames feares,
" Hath now forgot where he was plaſt of yore,
" And ſhouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
" So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of Jove,
" That they cruſh'd the crab, and quite him borne
" Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
" So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
" Out of their proper places far away,
" And all this world with them amiſſe doe move,
" And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
" Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay."

Faery Queen, B. V. c. i. STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were ſuppoſed to portend ſome diſaſters to mankind; indeed the planets themſelves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonſtrates. ANONYMUS.

9. —married *calm of ſtates*—] The epithet married, which is uſed to denote an intimate union, is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Milton:

" ——Lydian airs
" *Married* to immortal verſe."

Again:

" —— voice and verſe
" *Wed* your divine ſounds."

Shakſpeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

1 — *O, When degree is ſhak'd*,] I would read:—*So when degree is ſhak'd*. JOHNSON.

2 *The enterprize*—] Perhaps we ſhould read:—Then *enterprize is ſick!* JOHNSON.

3 — *brotherhoods in cities*,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

Peaceful

Peaceful commérce from dividable ſhores[4],
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And, laſt, eat up himſelf. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection* of degree it is,
That by a pace[6] goes backward, with a purpoſe
It hath to climb[7]. The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation[8]:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

[4] —*from* dividable *ſhores*,] *Dividable* is here uſed to expreſs *divided*. MASON.

* —*this* neglection—] This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609:

" —— If *neglection*
" Should therein make me vile,—". MALONE.

[6] *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *ſtep by ſtep*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*with a purpoſe*
It hath to climb:] With a deſign in each man to aggrandize himſelf, by ſlighting his immediate ſuperior. JOHNSON.
Thus the quarto. Folio:—*in* a purpoſe. MALONE.

[8] —*bloodleſs emulation*:] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and ſluggiſh. JOHNSON.

Not

Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs ſtands, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath Ulyſſes here diſcover'd
The fever whereof all our power is ſick.
Agam. The nature of the ſickneſs found, Ulyſſes,
What is the remedy?
Ulyſſ. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame[9],
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topleſs deputation[1] he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting player,—whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage[2],—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming[3]
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unſquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large Achilles, on his preſs'd bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis* Agamemnon *juſt.—*
Now play me Neſtor;—*hem, and ſtroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremeſt ends

[9] —*his* airy *fame,*] Verbal elogium; what our authour in *Macbeth* has called *mouth-honour.* MALONE.

[1] *Thy* topleſs *deputation*—] *Topleſs* is that which has nothing *topping* or *over-topping* it; ſupreme; ſovereign. JOHNSON.
So, in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604:
" Was this the face that launch'd a thouſand ſhips,
" And burnt the *topleſs* towers of Ilium?" STEEVENS.

[2] *'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the* ſcaffoldage,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our authour, were ſometimes termed *the ſcaffolds.* See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[3] —*o'er-*wreſted *ſeeming*—] i. e. wreſted beyond the truth; over-charged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have *o'er-reſted*, which affords no meaning. MALONE.

Of

Of parallels[4]; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles ſtill cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right! Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſy-fumbling on his gorget[5],
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries *O!—enough,* Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact[7],
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes[8].

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain
(Whom, as Ulyſſes ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd; and bears his head
In ſuch a rein[9], in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him:
Makes factious feaſts; rails on our ſtate of war,

[4] — *as near as the extremeſt ends,* &c.] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as eaſt to weſt. JOHNSON.

[5] — *with a palſy-*fumbling *on his gorget,*] *Palſy,* as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, is here uſed adjectively, for *paralytick.*

Fumbling is often applied by our old Engliſh writers to the ſpeech. So, in *K. John,* 1591:

" —— he *fumbleth* in the *mouth;*
" His ſpeech doth fail."

Again, in North's Tranſlation of *Plutarch:* "—he heard his wife Calphurnia being faſt aſleepe, weepe and ſigh, and put forth many *fumbling* lamentable *ſpeeches.*" Shakſpeare, I believe, wrote—*in* his gorget. MALONE.

[7] *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of grace exact, &c.] All our good *grace exact,* means, our *excellence irreprehenſible.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *to make* paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and diſtinct. I wiſh the copies had given:—*to make* parodies. JOHNSON.

[9] —*bears his head*
In ſuch a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We ſtill ſay of a girl, *ſhe bridles.* JOHNSON.

Bold

Bold as an oracle: and ſets Therſites
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint[1],)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger[2].

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall pre-ſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on; and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears[3]?

Agam. With ſurety ſtronger than Achilles' arm[4]
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks[5]

Know

[1] —*whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,*] i. e. as faſt as a mint coins *money.* MALONE.

[2] *How* rank *ſoever rounded in with danger.*] A *rank weed* is a *high weed.* The modern editions ſilently read: *How* hard *ſoever*—. JOHNSON.

[3] — *kingly* ears?] The quarto:—*kingly* eyes. JOHNSON.

[4] — *Achilles' arm*] So to the copies. Perhaps the authour wrote: —*Alcides'* arm. JOHNSON.

[5] *A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks*] And yet this was the ſeventh year of the war. Shakſpeare, who ſo wonderfully preſerves character, uſually

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek[6] be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan ſcorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart[7]. But Peace, Æneas,
Peace,

uſually confounds the cuſtoms of all nations, and probably ſuppoſed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Neſtor ſays to Hector:

But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now.

Shakſpeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuſcripts, who never ſeem to have entertained the leaſt idea of habits, manners, or cuſtoms more ancient than their own. There are books in the Britiſh Muſeum of the age of king Henry VI; and in theſe the heroes of ancient Greece are repreſented in the very dreſſes worn at the time when the books received the decorations. STEEV.

In *The Deſtruction of Troy*, Shakſpeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on ſtately horſes, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

[6] —*bid the cheek*—] So the quarto. The folio has:—on *the cheek*. JOHNSON.

[7] — *they have galls,*
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart.] I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the poet wrote—(as I ſuggeſted in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783)

—— they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and Jove's *a god*
Nothing ſo full of heart.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and *jovial*
"Among your gueſts to-night."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Cæſar, why he's the *Jupiter* of men."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove*."

The

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth[8]:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praiſe, ſole pure, tranſcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourſelf Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's ſleeping hour:
That thou ſhalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[*Trumpets ſound.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,

The text in my apprehenſion is unintelligible, though I have not ventured on my own opinion to diſturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds ſome ſupport to my conjecture. It alſo may be obſerved, that in peace the Trojans have juſt been compared to *angels*; and here Æneas in a ſimilar ſtrain of panegyrick compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially diſtinguiſhed for high ſpirits.

The preſent punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is,—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Jove annuente*, nothing *is* ſo full of heart as they. Had Shakſpeare written "—*with* Jove's accord," and "*Nothing's* ſo full," &c. ſuch an interpretation might be received; but as the words ſtand, it is inadmiſſible.

The quarto reads—and *great* Jove's accord—&c. MALONE.

[8] *The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,*
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth:] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—power unto itſelf moſt commendable,
"Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
"To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

Who

Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce[9]
Is ruſty[1] grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe;
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion[2],
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves[3],)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers[4],—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouſe a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector ſhall honour him;
If none, he'll ſay in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance[5]. Even ſo much.

Agam. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;

[9] —*long-continued* truce—] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is ſaid, that *Ajax coped Hector yeſterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

Here we have another proof of Shakſpeare's falling into inconſiſtencies by ſometimes adhering to, and ſometimes deſerting, his original: a point, on which ſome ſtreſs has been laid in the Diſſertation printed at the end of the third part of *K. Henry VI.*

Of this dull and long continued truce (which was agreed upon at the deſire of the Trojans, for ſix months) Shakſpeare found an account in the ſeventh chapter of the third book of the *Deſtruction of Troy.* In the fifteenth chapter of the ſame book the beautiful daughter of Calchas in firſt introduced. MALONE.

[1] *ruſty*—] Quarto, *reſty.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*more than* in confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for *profeſſion.* WARBURT.

[3] —*to her own lips he loves,*)] That is, *confeſſion made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

[4] *In other* arms *than hers,*— *Arms* is here uſed equivocally, for the arms of the body and the armour of a ſoldier. MALONE.

[5] —*and not worth*
The ſplinter of a lance.—] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have ſuitted Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

If

If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none elſe, I am he.

Neſt. Tell him of Neſtor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandſire ſuck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian hoſt[6]
One noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace[7] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood[8].

Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you, ſir.
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent;
So ſhall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. Neſtor,—

Neſt. What ſays Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape[9].

Neſt.

[6] —*in our Grecian* hoſt— So the quarto. The folio has—Grecian *mould*. MALONE.

[7] *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. POPE.

Milton uſes the word in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——peruſe his armour,
" The dint's ſtill in the *vantbrace*." STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll prove this truth with my* three drops of blood] So, in *Coriolanus*, one of the Volſcian Guard ſays to old Menenius, " Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood."

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—I'll *pawn* this truth. MALONE.

[9] *Be you my time*, &c.] i. e. be you to my preſent purpoſe what time is in reſpect of all other ſchemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe

Neſt. What is't?
Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The ſeeded pride[1]
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropp'd,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery[2] of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how?
Ulyſſ. This challenge that the gallant Hector ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to Achilles.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up[3]:
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain[4],
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

I believe Shakſpeare was here thinking of the period of geſtation, which is ſometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

[1] —*The ſeeded pride*, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
" When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?" MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578, and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium " hath ſcarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Phariſee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful ſhow, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poiſoned nature." —" It is high time, &c. to ſupplant it, (i. e. phariſaiſm) for it hath already floured, ſo that I feare it will ſhortly *ſeede*, and fill this wholeſome ſoyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

[2] —*nurſery*—] Alluding to a plantation called a nurſery. JOHNSON.

[3] *The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:] That is, the purpoſe is as plain as *body* or ſubſtance; and though I have collected this purpoſe from many minute particulars, as a groſs body is made up of ſmall inſenſible parts, yet the reſult is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and viſible. This is the thought, though a little obſcured in the conciſeneſs of the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

Subſtance is eſtate, the value of which is aſcertained by the uſe of ſmall *characters*, i. e. numerals. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:
" ——a crooked figure may
" Atteſt, in little place, a million."
The *groſs ſum* is a term uſed in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Groſſneſs* has the ſame meaning in this inſtance. STEEVENS.

[4] *And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,*] Neſtor goes on to ſay, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes on to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will diſcover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulyſſes ſays;
I do not ſtrain *at the poſition*,
i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

As

As banks of Lybia,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; Whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from Hector bring thoſe honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a ſportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;—
For here the Trojans taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: And truſt to me, Ulyſſes,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling[5]
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks[6]
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, iſſues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miſcarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves?
Which entertain'd[7], limbs are in his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,

5 —*ſcantling*—] That is, a *meaſure, proportion.* The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *ſcantling.* JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's Tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſays*, folio 163; "When the lion's ſkin will not ſuffice, we muſt add a *ſcantling* of the fox's." MALONE.

6 —*ſmall pricks*—] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Indexes were in Shakſpeare's time often *prefixed* to books. MALONE.

7 *Which entertain'd*, &c.] Theſe two lines [and the concluding hemiſtich] are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

By

By ſhewing the worſe firſt[8] Do not conſent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our ſhame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our Achilles ſhares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare[9] with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in Afric ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion[1] cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockiſh Ajax[2] draw

The

[8] *The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,*
By ſhewing the worſt firſt.] The folio reads:
The luſtre of the better, *yet to ſhew,*
Shall ſhew the better.
I once thought that the alteration was made by the authour; but a more diligent compariſon of the quartos and the firſt folio has convinced me that ſome arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio, MALONE.

[9] —*ſhare*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*our main opinion*—] is, our general eſtimation or character. *Opinion* has already been uſed in this ſcene in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

[2] —*blockiſh Ajax*—] Shakſpeare on this occaſion has deſerted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax;
"Another Ajax (ſurnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*, &c".
"Who did ſo much in eloquence abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."
Again:
"And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.
Our author appear to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out againſt him by Ulyſſes in the thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is repreſented as "ſtrong, heady, boiſterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wiſe, learned, ſtaide, nor polliticke." STEEVENS.
I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakſpeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the ſon of his ſiſter; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in conſequence of not attending to this circumſtance has attributed to the

The ſort[3] to fight with Hector: Among ourſelves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applauſe: and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

the perſon whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax Oileus:

" Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
" To be well cladde he ſet all his entent.
" In rich array he was full curyous,
" Although he were of body corſyous.
" Of armes great, with ſhoulders ſquare and brode;
" It was of him almoſt a horſe-lode.
" High of ſtature, and boyſtrous in a pres,
" *And of his ſpeech rude, and recbleſs.*
" *Full many worde in ydel hym aſterte,*
" And but a coward was he of his herte."

Ajax Telamonius he thus deſcribes:

" An other Ajax Thelamonyius
" There was alſo, diſerte and virtuous;
" Wonder faire and ſemely to behold,
" Whoſe heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
" In compas wiſe round as any ſphere;
" And of muſyke was there none his pere.
" ——— yet had he good practike
" In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
" No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
" Nor deſirous for to have victorye;
" Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorye,
" All ydle laud ſpent and blowne in vayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie*, &c. 1553.

There is not the ſmalleſt ground in Lydgate for what the authour of the *Riſacimento* of this poem publiſhed in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Deſtruction of Troy* led Shakſpeare to give this repreſentation; for the authour of that book, deſcribing theſe two perſons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, ſimply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

" *Ajax* was of a huge ſtature, great and large in the ſhoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly; and was of no great enterpriſe, and ſpake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleaſure in muſicke, and he ſang him ſelfe very well: he was of great proweſſe, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe."

MALONE.

[3] *The ſort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

So, in Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie*, &c.

" Calchas had experience
" Eſpecially of calculation;
" Of *ſorte* alſo, and divynation." MALONE.

If

If the dull brainleſs Ajax come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices; If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion[4] ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes,
Now I begin[5] to reliſh thy advice;
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him ſtraight.
Two curs ſhall tame each other; Pride alone
Muſt tarre the maſtiffs on[6], as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II[7]. SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AJAX, *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. And thoſe boils did run?—Say ſo,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come ſome matter from him; I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*ſtrikes him.*

[4] —*under our opinion*—] Here again *opinion* means character. MALONE.

[5] *Ulyſſes,*
Now I begin, &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now Ulyſſes*, I begin, &c. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[6] *Muſt* tarre *the maſtiffs on,*] *Tarre*, an old Engliſh word ſignifying to provoke or urge on." See *King John*, Act IV. ſc. i.

" —— like a dog
" Snatch at his maſter that doth *tar* him on." POPE.

[7] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee[8], thou mongrel beef-witted lord[1]!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unſalted leven[2], ſpeak: I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

[8] *The* plague of Greece *upon thee.*] The following lines of Lydgate's *Auncient Hiſtorie, &c. of the Warres between the Trojans and Grecians*, 1555, were probably here in our authour's thoughts:

" And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
" Both of ſworde and of *peſtilence*,
" *Among Grekes*, by fatal influence
" Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
" Engendred was, that tho in great diſpayre
" Of theyr life in the fyelde they leye,
" For day by day ſodaynly they deye,
" Whereby theyr nombre faſt gan dyſcrece;
" And whan they ſawe that it ne wolde ſece,
" By theyr advyſe the kyng Agamemnowne
" For a trewſe ſent unto the towne,
" For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
" Without abode graunted his arynge." MALONE.

[1] — *thou* mongrel beef-witted *lord!*] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on accounnt of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's ſpeech to Ajax in Act IV. ſc. v. " Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon," &c. MALONE.

[2] *Speak then, thou* unſalted *leaven,*] Thus the quarto. The folio has—thou *whinid'ſt* leaven, a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewedſt*, or *vinniedſt*: that is, thou moſt *mouldy* leaven; " —thou compoſition" (to uſe Dr. Johnſon's words) " of muſtineſs and fourneſs" In Dorſetſhire they at this day call cheeſe that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheeſe. MALONE.

Unſalted leven means *ſour* without *ſalt*, malignity without wit. Shakſpeare wrote firſt *unſalted*; but recollecting that want of *ſalt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of ſalt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of ſalt will not make good bread: hence Shakſpeare uſed it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

Unſalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, ſays: " Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying. STEEVENS.

In the preface to James the Firſt's bible the tranſlators ſpeak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

Ajax.

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee: I would make thee the loathſomeſt ſcab in Greece. When thou art forth[3] in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'ſt at him[4].

Ajax. Miſtreſs Therſites!

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf[5]!

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers[6] with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur! [*beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch[7]!

[3] *When thou art forth*, &c.] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

[4] ay, *that thou bark'ſt at him.*] I read, *O* that thou *bark'eſt at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, ſhould have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Cobloaf!*] A cruſty uneven loaf is in ſome counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

"A *cob-loaf*," ſays Minſhew, in his Dictionary, 1617, "is a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, ſuch as cob-irons which ſupport the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump riſen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reaſons: bunnes, lenten loaves.

Cob-loaf ought perhaps to be rather written *cop-loaf*. MALONE.

[6] —pun *thee into ſhivers*—] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is uſed by P. Holland in his tranſlation of Pliny's Natural Hiſt. b. xxviii. ch. 12: "—*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, b. xxix ch. 4. "The gall of theſe lizards *punned* and diſſolved in water." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero*, *contuſo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, reads —*pound*, and was followed by three ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[7] *Thou ſtool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch* they uſed to place her on a chair or ſtool, with her legs tyed acroſs, that all the weight of her body might reſt upon her ſeat; and by that means, after ſome time, the circulation of the blood would be much ſtopped, and her ſitting would be as painful as the wooden horſe. GREY.

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou ſodden-witted lord! thou haſt no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an aſſinego[8] may tutor thee: Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here put to thraſh Trojans; and thou art bought and ſold[9] among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therſites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

[8] —*an* aſſinego—] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Aſinaio* is Italian, ſays Hanmer, for an *aſs-driver*; but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following paſſage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

" ——— the ſtout truſty blade,
" That at one blow has cut an *aſinego*
" Aſunder like a thread."—

" This (ſays the author) is the uſual trial of the Perſian ſhamſheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a creſcent, of ſo good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and ſo ſharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *aſs*, than an *aſs-driver*. From the following paſſage I ſhould ſuppoſe *aſinego* to be merely a cant term for a fooliſh fellow, an ideot: " They apparell'd me as you ſee, made a fool, or an *aſinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: " ——all this would be forſworn, and I again *an aſinego*, as your ſiſter left me." STEEVENS.

Aſinego, is Portugueſe for a *little aſs*. MUSGRAVE.

[9] —*thou art bought and ſold*—] This was a proverbial expreſſion. MALONE.

Ajax.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit—

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall—

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, Therſites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary[1]: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Even ſo?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therſites?

Ther. There's Ulyſſes and old Neſtor,—whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires[2] had nails on their toes,—

[1] —*is beaten* voluntary:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakſpeare often uſes adjectives adverbially. MALONE.

[2] —*ere* your *grandſires*—] The old copies have *their* grandſires. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. In the Mſſ. of our authour's time y ſtood for *your* and *their*. MALONE.

yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therſites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me[3], ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, ſir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt:

That Hector, by the firſt* hour of the ſun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare

[3] —*when Achilles'* brach *bids me,*] The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Broch was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is conſequently uſed by Shakſpeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— he is the *brooch* indeed
" And gem of all the nation.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— not the imperious ſhew
" Of the full fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
" Be *brooch'd* with me."

But Therſites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading.—*Brach*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might ſerve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. It is poſſible however that Shakſpeare might have uſed the word as ſynonimous to *follower*, without any regard to ſex.

I have ſometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our authour has uſed this term of contempt in *Twelfth Night*: " Marry, hang thee, *brock*!" So, in *The Jeſts of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: " This ſelf-conceited *brock* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

* —*the* firſt—] So quarto. Folio—the *fifth*—. MALONE.

Maintain

Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows*[4]?
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes[5],
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing nor ours: not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten:
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

[4] —*Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what *ill* consequences *may* follow from pursuing this or that course? MALONE.

[5] —*many thousand* dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

"The *disme* goeth to the battaile."

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Rich. II: "—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c. STEEVENS.

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The paſt proportion of his infinite[6]?
And buckle-in a waiſt moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons[7],
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Tro. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſon. Here are your reaſons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword employ'd is perilous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd[8]?—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale[9], and luſtihood deject.

Heſt.

[6] *The* paſt-*proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies, The meaning is, *that greatneſs to which no meaſure bears any proportion.* The modern editors ſilently give: *The* vaſt *proportion*—. JOHNSON.

[7] —*though you* bite *ſo ſharp at* reaſons, &c.] Here is a wretched quibble between *reaſons* and *raiſins*, which in Shakſpear's time were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry in *Much ado about Nothing* plays upon the ſame words: "If Juſtice cannot tame you, you ſhall ne'er weigh more *reaſons* in her ballance." MALONE.

[8] *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*
Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd?] Theſe two lines are miſplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

[9] —*reaſon and* reſpect
Make livers pale, &c.] *Reſpect* is caution, a regard to conſequences. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Then, childiſh fear, avaunt! debating die!
"*Reſpect and* reaſon wait on wrinkled age!—
"Sad pauſe and deep regard beſeem the ſage."
Again, in *Timon of Athens:*
"——— and

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth coſt
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive[1]
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of the affected merit[2].
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election.
Is led on in the conduct of my will[3];
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will diſtaſte what it elected,
The wife I choſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour:
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſoil'd them[4]; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective ſieve[5],
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks:

" ——— and never learn'd
" The icy precepts of *reſpect*, but follow'd
" The ſugar'd game before them."

In the paſſage laſt quoted, I have miſinterpreted this word, as have the two preceding editors. MALONE.

[1] *And the will dotes, that is attributive*] So the quarto. The folio reads *inclinable*, which Mr. Pope ſays "is better." MALONE.

I think the firſt reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects*; that firſt cauſes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

[2] *Without ſome image of the* affected *merit.*] The will *affects* an object for ſome ſuppoſed *merit*, which Hector ſays is cenſurable, unleſs the *merit* ſo *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

[3] — *in the* conduct *of my will:* i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

[4] —ſoil'd *them;*] So reads the quarto. The folio—*ſpoil'd* them.— JOHNSON.

[5] —*unreſpective* ſieve,] That is, into a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,—*unreſpective* ſame; for which the modern editions have ſilently printed,—*unreſpective* place. JOHNSON.

Place was the arbitrary correction made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Your

Your breath with full concent[6] belly'd his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt[7], whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning[8].
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom Paris went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Ineſtimable!*) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did[9],
Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe;
That we have ſtolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves[1], unworthy of a thing ſo ſtolen,
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

[6] *Your breath with full* concent—] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*of* full concent. MALONE.

[7] *And for an old aunt,*] Priam's ſiſter, Heſione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

[8] — makes pale *the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,—ſtale *the morning.* JOHNSON.

[9] *And do a deed that fortune* never *did,*] If I underſtand this paſſage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by cenſuring the determination of our own wiſdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or againſt whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war ſo declared, as to make us value her leſs?" This is very harſh, and much ſtrained. JOHNSON.

Fortune was never ſo unjuſt and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to ſet no eſtimation whatſoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did.—Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[1] But, *thieves,*] Hanmer reads—*Baſe* thieves—. JOHNSON.

That did in the next line means—that *which* did. MALONE.

Caſ.

Caſ. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Caſſandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Caſ. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders[2],
Soft infancy, that nothing canſt but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practiſe your eyes with tears!
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand[3];
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte[4] the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons:
And Jove forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full concent*

[2] —*wrinkled* elders,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled *old.* MALONE.

[3] —*nor goodly* Ilion *ſtand;*] *Ilion*, according to Shakſpeare's authorities, Lydgate, and *The Deſtruction of Troy*, was the name of Priam's palace. MALONE.

[4] —*diſtaſte*—] Corrupt; change to a worſe ſtate. JOHNSON.

* —*your full* concent—] Your unanimous approbation. MALONE.

Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape[5]
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the ſubject: then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Ariſtotle[6] thought

Unfit

[5] —*her fair* rape] *Rape* in our authour's time commonly ſignified *the carrying away* of a female. MALONE.

[6] —*Ariſtotle*—] Let it be remember'd as often as Shakſpear's anachroniſms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in thoſe ancient romances which ſeem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add that even claſſick authors are not exempt from ſuch miſtakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid* Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Neſtor and Priam, neither of whom died till long

Unfit to hear moral philoſophy:
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleaſure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills[7], reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law[8] in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known ſhe is,—theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth[9]: yet, ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens[1],
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood

long after him. If on that occaſion ſomewhat ſhould be attributed to his augural profeſſion, yet if he could ſo freely mention, nay even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they muſt all have been prophets as well as himſelf, or they could not have underſtood him. STEEVENS.

[7] *—benumbed wills,*] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to ſuperior direction. JOHNSON.

[8] *There is a law—*] What the law does in every nation between individuals, juſtice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

[9] *Is this, in way of truth:*] Though conſidering *truth* and *juſtice* in this queſtion, this is my opinion; yet as a queſtion of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

[1] *— the performance of our heaving ſpleens,*] The execution of ſpite and reſentment. JOHNSON.

Spent

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowzy ſpirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general ſleeps,
Whilſt emulation[2] in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Therſites? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer[3]. If Troy be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that

[2] —*emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.
Emulation is now never uſed in an ill ſenſe; but Shakſpeare meant to employ it ſo. He has uſed the ſame word with more propriety in a former ſcene, by adding epithets that aſcertain its meaning:

" ——— ſo every ſtep,
" Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
" Of his ſuperior, grows to an *envious* fever
" Of *pale* and *bloodleſs emulation*." MALONE.

[3] —*a rare engineer.*] The old copies have—*enginer*, which was the old ſpelling of *engineer*. So *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, *founder*, &c. MALONE.

little

little little leſs-than-little wit from them that they have! which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſy irons[4], and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache[5]! for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers; and devil, envy, ſay Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation[6]: but it is no matter; Thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction[7] till thy death! then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays—thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my

[4] — *without drawing their maſſy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their ſwords to cut the web.* They uſe no means but thoſe of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* maſſy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been ſubſtituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*

" Put in their hands thy bruiſing *irons* of wrath,
" That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
" The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries." MALONE.

[5] —*the bone-ache!*] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone ache.* JOHNSON.

[6] *If I could have remember'd a gilt* counterfeit, *thou would'ſt not have* ſlipp'd *out of my contemplation:*] A play (as I obſerved in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783) is intended on the word *ſlip*, which in our authour's time was the name of a *counterfeit* piece of money. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act. II. ſc. iv. MALONE.

[7] *Let thy* blood *be thy direction*—] Thy *blood* means, thy paſſions; thy natural propenſities. MALONE.

cheeſe,

cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals; Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therſites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion[8]. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool[9].

Patr. You raſcal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man,—Proceed, Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therſites is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therſites is a fool, to ſerve ſuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool poſitive[1].

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover[2].—It ſuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body:—Come in with me, Therſites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling; and ſuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions[3], and bleed to death

[8] —decline *the whole queſtion.*] Deduce the queſtion from the firſt caſe to the laſt. JOHNSON.

[9] —*Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next ſpeeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[1] —*a fool* poſitive.] The poet is ſtill thinking of his grammar; the firſt degree of compariſon being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

[2] —*of the prover.*—] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads—*of thy Creator.* STEEVENS.

There ſeems to be a profane alluſion in the laſt ſpeech but one ſpoken by Therſites. MALONE.

[3] —*to draw* emulous *factions,*] i. e. envious, contending, factions. MALONE.

upon.

upon. Now the dry *ſerpigo*[4] on the ſubject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers[5]; and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo; leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him ſhew us a cauſe.—A word, my lord. [*takes* Agamemnon *aſide.*

Neſt. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyſſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who? Therſites?

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No; you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Neſt All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh, than their faction: But it was a ſtrong compoſure[6], a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

[4] —*Now the dry* ſerpigo, *&c.*] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

[5] *He ſhent our meſſengers;*] He rebuked our meſſengers. The quarto reads *ſate*; the folio—*ſent*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—He ſent *us* meſſengers. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. Though *ſent* might eaſily have been miſprinted for *ſhent*, how could *ſate* (the reading of the original copy) and *ſhent* have been confounded? MALONE.

This word is uſed in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. vi.

" He for ſuch baſeneſs ſhamefully him *ſhent*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*compoſure,*] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a ſtrong* counſel. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Neſt. No Achilles with him.

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints[7], but none for courteſy: his legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me ſay—he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate[8],
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digeſtion ſake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him: And you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay—we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in ſelf aſſumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs[9] he puts on;

[7] *The elephant hath joints*, &c.] So, in *All's loſt by Luſt*, 1633:

" ——— Is ſhe pliant?
" Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her."

Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

" I hope you are no *elephant*, you have *joints*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*noble ſtate.*] Perſon of high dignity; ſpoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble ſtate rather means *the ſtately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a ſingle perſon. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "—The archbiſhop of Grenada ſaying to the archbiſhop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being ſo great a *ſtate*, would viſit hoſpitals—."

Again, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto*, 1591:

" The Greek demands her, whither ſhe was going,
" And which of theſe two great *eſtates* her keeps."

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

[9] —tend *the ſavage* ſtrangeneſs—] i. e. ſhyneſs, diſtant behaviour. To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

Diſguiſe

Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-write[1] in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes[2], his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give[3]
Before a ſleeping giant:—Tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall; and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him.—Ulyſſes, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Agam. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that's proud, eats up himſelf: pride is his

[1] —*under-write*—] To *ſubſcribe*, in Shakſpeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*:

"You owe me no *ſubſcription*." STEEVENS.

[2] *His pettiſh lunes*,] This is Hanmer's emendation of—his pettiſh *lines*. The old quarto reads—His *courſe and time*.

This ſpeech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads:

His *courſe and time*, his ebbs and flows, *and* if
The paſſage and whole *ſtream of his commencement*
Rode on his tide.

His [*his* commencement] was probably miſprinted for *this*, as it is in a ſubſequent paſſage in this ſcene in the quarto copy;

"And how his ſilence drinks up *his* applauſe. MALONE.

[3] —allowance *give*] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *K. Lear*:

——— if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience." STEEVENS.

own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe[4].

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads[5].

Neſt. And yet he loves himſelf; Is it not ſtrange?

[*Aſide.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar and in ſelf admiſſion.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: Poſſeſt he is with greatneſs;
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages[6],
And batters down himſelf: What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it[7]
Cry—*No recovery.*

[4] —*whate'er praiſes itſelf*
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praiſe.] So, in *Coriolanus:*
" — power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
" Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
" To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

[5] —*the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wiſhes to comprehend the whole force of this alluſion, may conſult the late Dr. Goldſmith's *Hiſtory of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

[6] Kingdom'd *Achilles in commotion rages,*] So, in *Julius Cæſar*
" The genius and the mortal inſtruments
" Are then in council; and the ſtate of a man,
" Like to a little *kingdom*, ſuffers then
" The nature of an inſurrection." MALONE.

[7] —*the* death-tokens *of it*—] Alluding to the deciſive ſpots appearing on thoſe infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*
" Now, like the fearful *tokens* of the plague,
" Are mere fore-runners of their ends." STEEVENS.

Agam.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.

Ulyſſ. O Agamemnon, let it not be ſo!
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam[8];
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,—ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And ſay in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Neſt. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aſide.*

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face[9].

Agam. O, no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride[1]:
Let me go to him.

Ulyſſ.

[8] — *with his own* ſeam;] *Seam* is *hog's-lard.* See *Sherwood's* Engliſh and French Dictionary, folio, 1650. MALONE.

[9] *I'll* paſh *him o'er the face.*] i. e. ſtrike him with violence. So, in *the Virgin Martyr*, 1623:

" — when the battering ram
" Were fetching his career backward, to *paſs*
" Me with his horns to pieces."

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1596, p. 91: " —the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is *paſhed* all to pieces." REED.

[1] — pheeze *his pride:*] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

This undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kerſey in his Dictionary, 1708, ſays that it is a ſea-term, and that it ſignifies, to ſeparate a cable by untwiſting the ends; and Dr. Johnſon gives a ſimilar

Ulyſſ. Not for the worth[2] that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax, A paltry inſolent fellow,—
Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf! [*Aſide.*
Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?
Ulyſſ. The raven chides blackneſs. [*Aſide.*
Ajax, I'll let his humours blood[3].
Agam. He will be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient. [*Aſide.*
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion. [*Aſide.*
Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo,
He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?
Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aſide.*
Ulyſſ. He would have ten ſhares[4]. [*Aſide.*
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple:—
Neſt. He's not yet thorough warm: force him[5] with praiſes:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aſide.*
Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike. [*to* Agamemnon.
Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

ſimilar account of its original meaning. But whatever may have been the origin of the expreſſion, it undoubtedly ſignified in our authour's time to beat, knock, ſtrike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it, *flagrillare, virgis cædere,* as he does to *feage,* of which the modern ſchool-boy term, to *fag,* is a corruption. MALONE.

[2] *Not for the worth*—] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

[3] *I'll* let his humours blood.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was publiſhed with this quaint title: *The letting of humours blood* in the head-vaine. MALONE.

[4] *He would have ten ſhares.*] Theſe words, and all that follows to the words—*thorough warm,* are given by miſtake in the original copy in quarto to *Ajax.* The editor of the folio remedied the error in part, but left the words "He's not thorough warm" ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Ajax, which evidently belong to *Neſtor.* This inaccuracy was corrected by Mr. Theobald.

Neſtor is of the ſame opinion with Dr. Johnſon, who, ſpeaking of a metaphyſical Scotch writer, ſaid, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boſwell's *Tour to the Hebrides,* third edit. p. 245. MALONE.

[5] —*force him*—] i. e. ſtuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

Here

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous[6], as Achilles is.

Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreſon dog, that ſhall palter[7] thus with us!
'Would, he were a Trojan!

Neſt. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyſſ. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe?

Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly borne?

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected?

Ulyſſ. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd by thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all thy erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield[8]
To ſinewy Ajax. I will not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn[9], a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's Neſtor,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;—
But pardon, father Neſtor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,

[6] *He is not* emulous] *Emulous* is here uſed in an ill ſenſe, for *envious*. MALONE.

[7] —*that ſhall* palter—] That ſhall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" —— what other band
" Than ſecret Romans, who have ſpoke the word,
" And will not *palter?*" MALONE.

[8] *Bull-bearing Milo his* addition *yield*—] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for ſtrength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, ſhewing his degree, occupation, &c. as eſquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our authour here as uſual pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

[9] —*like a* bourn,] A *bourn* is a boundary, and ſometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, Act. III. ſc. vi:

" Come o'er the *bourn*, Beſſy, to me."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

But

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Neſt. Ay, my good ſon[1].

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyſſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord,—come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flower, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word; Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I muſt needs praiſe him.

Serv. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better*.

Pan.

[1] *Shall I call you* father?

Neſt. *Ay, my good ſon.*] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax deſires to give the title of *father* to Ulyſſes; in the quarto, more naturally, to Neſtor. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare had a cuſtom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. B. Jonſon had many who called themſelves his *ſons*. STEEVENS.

* *I hope, I ſhall* know your honour better.] The ſervant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at preſent. In his next ſpeech he chooſes to underſtand Pandarus as if

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace. [*Muſick within.*

Pan Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip are my titles:—What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, ſir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, ſir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my lord, who is there in perſon; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul[2],—

Pan. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

Serv. No, ſir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed!

Enter PARIS, *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires, in all fair meaſure, fairly guide them! eſpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broke it, couſin: and by my life, you

if he had ſaid he wiſhed to grow better, and hence the ſervant affirms that he is in the ſtate of *grace*. The ſecond of theſe ſpeeches has been pointed in the late editions, as if he had aſked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. MALONE.

[2] — *love's* inviſible *ſoul*,] may mean the *ſoul of love* inviſible every where elſe. JOHNSON.

ſhall

ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, ſir,—

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord! well, you ſay ſo in fits[3].

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen: My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out: we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-ſweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, ſweet queen, go to—commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet queen i'faith.

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; no, no.—And, my lord, he deſires you[4], that, if the king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen; my very very ſweet queen!

Par. What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

[3] —*in* fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or diviſion of a ſong, ſometimes a ſtrain in muſick, and ſometimes a meaſure in dancing. The reader will find it ſufficiently illuſtrated in the two former ſenſes by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*: in the third of theſe ſignifications it occurs in *All for Money*, a Morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"*Satan.* Upon theſe cheerful words I needs muſt dance a *fitte*."

STEEVENS.

[4] *And, my lord, he deſires you,*—] Here I think the ſpeech of Pandarus ſhould begin, and the reſt of it ſhould be added to that of Helen; but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had diſpoſed theſe ſpeeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words "And to make a ſweet lady," &c. to the preceding ſpeech of Pandarus, and in the reſt follows Rowe. MALONE.

Pan.

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen?—my couſin will fall out with you. You muſt not know where he ſups[5].

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

[5] *You muſt not know where he ſups.*] Theſe words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the errour. In like manner in Act II. ſc. i. p. 185, four ſpeeches belonging to different perſons are all in the quarto aſſigned to Ajax. "Cob-loaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the laſt ſcene of the ſame act, words that evidently belong to *Neſtor* are given to *Ajax*, [See p. 207, n. 4.] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore heſitated to add the words, "You muſt not know where he ſups," to the ſpeech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens propoſes to aſſign the next ſpeech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen*, inſtead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me ſo plauſible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But it is obſervable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen ſteadily perſeveres in ſoliciting Pandarus to ſing: "*My lord Pandarus*,"—"*Nay, but my lord*,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakſpeare intended ſhe ſhould join in the preſent enquiry. Mr. Maſon's objection alſo to ſuch an arrangement is very weighty. "Pandarus," he obſerves, "in his next ſpeech but one clearly addreſſes *Paris*, and in that ſpeech he calls Creſſida his *diſpoſer*." In what ſenſe, however, Paris can call Creſſida his *diſpoſer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. Maſon ſuppoſes that "Paris means to call Creſſida his *governour* or *director*, as it appears from what Helen ſays afterwards that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*deſpiſer*. What Pandarus ſays afterwards, that "Paris and Creſſida are *twain*," ſupports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *depoſer* (a reading ſuggeſted below) was our authour's word; for Creſſida had not depoſed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A ſpeech in a former ſcene in which Pandarus ſays, Helen loves Troilus more than Paris, (which is inſiſted on by an anonymous Remarker,) proves nothing. Had he ſaid that Troilus once loved Helen better than Creſſida, and afterwards preferred Creſſida to her, the obſervation might deſerve ſome attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words,—"You muſt not know where he ſups," I find Sir T. Hanmer had aſſigned to Pandarus. MALONE.

That Creſſida wanted to ſeparate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Creſſida had any power over Paris, are circumſtances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Reviſal*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *diſpoſer* into *depoſer*, ſome meaning may be obtained. She addreſſes herſelf, I ſuppoſe, to Pandarus, and, by her *depoſer*, means—ſhe who thinks her beauty (or, whoſe beauty you ſuppoſe) to be ſuperior to mine. STEEVENS.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why ſhould you ſay—Creſſida? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy[6].

Pan. You ſpy! what do you ſpy?—Come, give me an inſtrument. Now, ſweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen,

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, ſhe'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out[7], may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord[8], thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo:

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds[9]
Not that it wounds[1],
But tickles ſtill the ſore.

Theſe lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,

[6] *I ſpy.*] This is the uſual exclamation at a childiſh game called *Hie, ſpie, hie.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Falling in, after falling out,* &c.] i. e. The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and ſo make three of two. TOLLET.

[8] —*ſweet* lord,] In the quarto, ſweet *lad.* JOHNSON.

[9] *The ſhaft* confounds—] To confound, it has already been obſerved, formerly meant to deſtroy. MALONE.

[1] —*that it wounds,*] i. e. that *which* it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

Doth

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives ſtill[1] :
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it ſo. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet queen.—I long to hear how they ſped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet queen. [*Exit. A retreat ſounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris;
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Theſe lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!*
Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives ſtill:] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*
" For I have heard, it [love] is a *life* in *death*,
" That *laughs* and *weeps*, and all but in a breath!" MALONE.
The wound to kill may mean *the wound that ſeems mortal.* JOHNSON.
The wound to kill is the *killing wound.* MASON.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus, *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

Serv. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; What will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, tun'd too ſharp[3] in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her.

3 —*tun'd too ſharp*—] So the quarto, except that it has *to* inſtead of *too*. The folio reads—*and* too ſharp. Malone.

her. It is the prettieſt villain:—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom[4]:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty[5].

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby.—Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame[6], muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways: an you draw back-ward, we'll put you i'the fills[7].—Why do you not ſpeak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture[8]. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo; rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs[9]. How

[4] *Even ſuch a* paſſion *doth* embrace *my boſom:*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——raſh-*embraced deſpair.*" MALONE.

[5] *Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring*
The eye of majeſty.] Rowe ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

" —— Well may th' ignoble herd
" Start, if with heedleſs ſteps they unawares
" Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
" Awes with ſuperior greatneſs all beneath him." STEEVENS.

[6] —*you muſt be* watch'd *ere you be made tame,*] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew:*

" ——to *watch* her as we watch theſe *kites.*" STEEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being *kept from ſleep*, and thus Pandarus means that Creſſida ſhould be tamed. MALONE.

[7] —*i'the* fills.] That is, in the ſhafts. *Fill* is a provincial word uſed in ſome counties for *thills*, the ſhafts of a cart or waggon.

The editor of the ſecond folio, for *fills*, the reading of the firſt folio, ſubſtituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient ſpelling of *fills*. The words " *draw* backward" ſhew that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

[8] *Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture.*] It ſhould ſeem from theſe words that Creſſida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. Patroclus however had as uſual a double meaning. MALONE.

[9] *So, ſo; rub on, and* kiſs *the* miſtreſs.] The alluſion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, ſeems in Shakſpeare's time to have been termed

How now, a kiſs in fee-farm[1]! build there, carpenter; the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river[2]: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of the deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's—*In witneſs whereof the parties interchangably*[3]—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cre.

termed *the miſtreſs*. A bowl that kiſſes *the jack* or *miſtreſs*, is in the moſt advantageous ſituation. *Rub on* is a term at the ſame game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

" —— So, a fair riddance;

" There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *miſtreſs*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

" *Mini.* Since he hath hit *the miſtreſs* ſo often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

" *Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jeſu I'll never *bowl* in your alley." MALONE.

[1] —*a kiſs in* fee-farm!] is a kiſs of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reſerving a certain rent. MALONE.

[2] —*The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river*:—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece againſt her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally underſtand the *female*. THEOBALD.

The meaning is, I will back the falcon againſt the tercel, I will wager that the falcon is *equal to* the tercel. MASON.

I think we ſhould rather read:

" ——at *the tercel*,—. TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, l. iv. 410, is the following ſtanza, from which Shakſpeare may have caught a glimpſe of meaning, though he has not very clearly expreſſed it. Pandarus is the ſpeaker:

" What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
" In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
" If one can ſinge, anothir can wel daunce,
" If this be godely, ſhe is glad and light,
" And this is faire, and that can gode aright;
" Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
" *Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*"

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 4to. 1567: " —how is that poſſible to make a froward kite a forward *hawke to the ryver?*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*the parties interchangeably*—] have ſet their hands and *ſeals*. So afterwards: " Go to, a bargain made: *ſeal* it, *ſeal* it." Shak-

ſpeare

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Creſſida, how often have I wiſh'd me thus?

Cre. Wiſh'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes[4].

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear; To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſt.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers[5]; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

Tro. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove; our head ſhall go bare,

ſpeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often expreſs'd. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" But my *kiſſes* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing?" MALONE.

[4] —*if my* fears *have eyes.*] The old copies have—*tears.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] —*weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers;*] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his miſtreſs, but Orlando Furioſo vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boaſting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* performed. MALONE.

till

till merit crown it[6]: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble[7]. Few words to fair faith: Troilus ſhall be ſuch to Creſſid, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth[8]; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll ſtick where they are thrown[9].

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Creſſid then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it:—in faith, I lie;

[6] —*our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it:*] I cannot forbear to obſerve, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head ſhall go bare, till merit* lower part no affection *in reverſion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

[7] —*his addition ſhall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

[8] —*what* envy *can ſay worſt, ſhall be a* mock for his truth;] i. e. ſhall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for ſuch is the meaning of the word *envy*) ſhall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his conſtancy.—MALONE.

[9] —*they'll ſtick where they are thrown.*] This alluſion has already occurred in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Nay, friar, I am a kind of *burr*, I ſhall ſtick." STEEVENS.

My

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſh'd myſelf a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence,
Cunning in dumbneſs[1], from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe, thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, ſweet Creſſid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

Cre. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you[2];
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I ſpeak[3].

Tro. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love;
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,

[1] Cunning *in dumbneſs*,] The quarto and folio read—*Coming* in dumbneſs. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you;*] So in our author's 123d Sonnet:

"_____ for I, being pent in thee,
"Perforce am thine, and all that is in me." MALONE.

[3] _____ *I would be gone:—*
Where is my wit? I know not what I ſpeak!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I ſpeak I know not what. MALONE.

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might[4]; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays[5]!

[4] —— *But* you are *wise*,
Or else you *love not; for to be wise and love*,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read:
——— but *we're not* wise,
Or else *we* love not; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might;—
Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

—*to be wise and love*,
Exceeds man's might;] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Cal. March:*

"To be wise, and eke to love,
"Is granted scarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.

The thought originally belongs to *Publius Syrus*, among whose sentences we find this:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

Marston, in the *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;
"*The gods themselves cannot be wise and love.*"

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential: "But you are wise, or *else* you are *not* in love; for no one who *is* in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is *any* corruption, as our authour sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read—

—— But you are wise;
Or else *you love*; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; &c.

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not*: which is not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—Hanmer, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads:

A sign you love not. MALONE.

[5] —*faster than* blood *decays!*] *Blood* in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

Or

Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match[6] and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth[7].

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right!
True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration[8],
As true as ſteel[9], as plantage to the moon[1],

As

[6] *Might be* affronted *with the match*—] I wiſh "my integrity might be met and matched with ſuch equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

[7] *And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itſelf againſt deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of neceſſity, learned wordly policy." WARBURTON.

[8] *True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world to come,*
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well as the ſenſe, of the laſt verſe will be improved, I think, by reading:
Want ſimiles of *truth, tir'd with iteration,*—
So, a little lower in the ſame ſpeech:
Yet after all compariſons of truth. TYRWHITT.
This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at preſent has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

[9] *As true* as ſteel,] *As true as ſteel* is an ancient proverbial ſimile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he ſpeaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16.
"Thereto in love *trewe as any ſtele.*" STEEVENS.
Mirrours formerly being made of ſteel, I once thought the meaning might be, "as true as the mirour, which faithfully exhibits every image that is preſented before it." But I now think with Mr. Steevens that *As true as ſteel* was merely a proverbial expreſſion, without any ſuch alluſion. A paſſage in an old piece entitled *The Pleaſures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:
"Behold in her the lively glaſſe,
"The pattern, *true as ſteel.* MALONE.

[1] —*as* plantage *to the moon,*] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe:

"

As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant[2], as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited[3],
As true as Troilus ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up[4],
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they have ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as Creſſid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it; I'll be the witneſs.—Here I hold your hand; here, my couſin's. If ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch

" Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
" Rite creſcentem face noctilucam,
" Proſperam frugum,—." *Hor.* lib. iv. od. 6. WARBURTON.

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither ſowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaking without a ſcrupulous attention to the increaſe or waning of the moon. Dryden does not appear to have underſtood the paſſage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides *are to the moon.* STEEVENS.

As true—as plantage to the moon,] This may be fully illuſtrated by a quotation from Scott's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*: " The poore huſbandman perceiveth that the increaſe of the *moone* maketh *plants* fruteſull: ſo as in the *full moone* they are in the beſt ſtrength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

2 *As iron to adamant,—*] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:
" As *true* to thee as *ſteel to adamant.*" MALONE.

3 *As* truth's authentick author *to be cited,*] Troilus ſhall *crown the verſe*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick author of truth*; as one whoſe proteſtations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

4 *And* blind oblivion ſwallow'd *cities up,*] So, in *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1598:
" And almoſt ſhoulder'd in this *ſwallowing* gulph
" Of *blind forgetfulneſs* and dark *oblivion.*" MALONE.

pains

pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all conſtant men [5] be Troiluſes, all falſe women Creſſids, and all brokers-between Pandars! ſay, amen.

5 — *let all* conſtant *men*]—Though Hanmer's emendation [*inconſtant*] be plauſible, I believe Shakſpeare wrote *conſtant*. He ſeems to have been leſs attentive to make Pandar talk conſequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expreſſion for *a conſtant lover*, as *a Creſſida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*.

TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehenſion, we ought not to deviate, except in caſes of extreme neceſſity. Of the aſſertion in the latter part of his note relative to the conſtancy of Troilus various proofs are furniſhed by our old poets. So, in *A Gorgeous Gallery of gallant inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578:

" But if thou me forſake,
" As Creſſid that forgot
" *True Troilus*, her make," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" As *Troilus' truth* ſhall be my ſhield,
" To keepe my pen from blame,
" So Creſſid's craft ſhall keepe the field,
" For to reſound thy ſhame."

Mr. Maſon objects, that *conſtant* cannot be the true reading, becauſe Pandarus has already ſuppoſed that they ſhould *both* prove *falſe* to each other, and it would therefore be abſurd for him to ſay that *Troilus* ſhould be quoted as an example of *conſtancy*. But to this the anſwer is, that Shakſpeare himſelf knew what the event of the ſtory was, and who the perſon was that did prove falſe; that many expreſſions in his plays have dropped from him in conſequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the Speaker; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, " *if ever you prove falſe one to another*," may mean, not, if you *both* prove falſe, but, *if it ſhould happen that any falſhood or breach of faith ſhould diſunite you who are now thus attached to each other*. This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving falſe, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove falſe *to one another*; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation ſhould be ſuch a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever uſed to denote an *inconſtant* lover, nor, if we believe the ſtory, did he ever deſerve the character, as both the others did in truth deſerve that ſhame here imprecated upon them. Beſides, Pandarus ſeems to adjuſt his imprecation to thoſe of the other two preceding, juſt as they dropped from their lips; as *falſe as Creſſid*, and conſequently *as true* (or *as conſtant*) *as Troilus*. HEATH.

Tro.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a chamber and a bed[6], which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the ſight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſt'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world[7], ſtrange, unacquainted:

I do

[6] — *and a bed*—] Theſe words are not in the old copy, but what follows ſhews that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

[7] — *through the ſight I bear in things, to Jove*
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
And here, to do you ſervice, *am become*
As new into *the world,*—] In p. 149, n. 3, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *ſervices* to which he alludes, a ſhort quotation from Lydgate will ſufficiently explain. *Auncient Hiſt.* &c. 1555.

" He entered into the oratorye,—
" And beſily gan to knele and praye,
" And his things devoutly for to ſaye,
" And to the god crye and call full ſtronge;
" And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
" Sodaynly his anſwere gan attame,
" And ſayd *Calchas* twies by his name;
" Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne
" To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne.

" For

I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſter'd in promiſe,

" For finally lerne this thynge of me,
" In ſhorte tyme it ſhall deſtroyed be:
" This is in ſooth, whych may not be denied,
" Wherefore I will that thou be alyed
" With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
" To them anone; my will is, it be ſo:—
" For *thou to them ſhall be neceſſary*,
" *In counſeling and in giving rede*,
" *And be right helping to their good ſpede*."

Mr. Theobald thinks it ſtrange that Calchas ſhould claim any merit from having joined the Greeks, after he had ſaid that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconſiſtency: he had left, from whatever cauſe, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and *ſerved* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phraſe—As new *into* the world, (for ſo the old copy reads,) I muſt obſerve, that it appears from a great number of paſſages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often uſed in the ſenſe of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this aſſertion, the following paſſages may be adduced:

" It was a pretty part in the old church-playes when the nimble Vice would ſkip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a courſe." Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, 4to, 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paſton, July 8, 1468; *Paſton Letters*, Vol. II. p. 5. " —and they that have juſted with him *into* this day, have been as richly beſeen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth*, in 1575: " — what time it pleaſed her to ryde forth *into* the chaſe, to hunt the hart of fors; which found, anon," &c.

Chaſe indeed may mean here, the place in which the queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary ſenſe.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, B. IV. St. 72, edit. 1602.

" She doth conſpire to have him made away,—
" Thruſt *thereinto* not only with her pride,
" But by her father's counſell and conſent."

Again, in our authour's *All's Well that ends well*:

" ——— I'll ſtay at home,
" And pray God's bleſſing *into* thy attempt." Malone.

— *through the ſight I bear in things, to* Jove—] This paſſage in all the modern editions is ſilently depraved, and printed thus:

—— *through the ſight I bear in things to* come.

The word is ſo printed that nothing but the ſenſe can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain ſome meaning. Johnson.

— to *love*, might mean—to the conſequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. Steevens.

Which,

Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd Antenor,
Yeſterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs *,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a prince of blood, a ſon of Priam,
In change of him: let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter; and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain *.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Creſſid hither; Calchas ſhall have
What he requeſts of us.—Good Diomed,
Furniſh you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* DIOM. *and* CAL.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyſſ. Achilles ſtands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Pleaſe it our general to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,

* —*ſuch a* wreſt *in their affairs*,] According to Dr. Johnſon, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the *loſs* of Antenor is ſuch a *violent diſtortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former ſcene we had *o'er-reſted* for *o'er-wreſted*, ſo here I ſtrongly ſuſpect *wreſt* has been printed inſtead of *reſt*. Antenor is ſuch a *ſtay* or ſupport of their affairs, &c. All the ancient Engliſh muſkets had *reſts* by which they were ſupported. The ſubſequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To ſay that Antenor *himſelf* (for ſo the paſſage runs, not, the *loſs* of Antenor,) is a violent diſtortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonſenſe. MALONE.

* *In moſt accepted* pain.] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*In moſt accepted* pay. They do not ſeem to underſtand the conſtruction of the paſſage. *Her preſence*, ſays Calchas, *ſhall ſtrike off*, or recompence, *the ſervice I have done*, even in thoſe *labours* which were *moſt accepted*. JOHNSON.

Lay

Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:—
I will come laſt: 'Tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If ſo, I have deriſion med'cinable,
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Agam. What ſays Achilles? would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* NEST.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MEN.

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,

Hath

Hath any honour; but honour [9] for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulyſſes;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulyſſes?

Ulyſſ. Now, great Thetis' ſon?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted [1],
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, Ulyſſes.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf [2]
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf [3],
Not going from itſelf; but eye to eye oppos'd

[9] — *but honour*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but *honour'd*. MALONE.

[1] — *how dearly ever* parted,] *However excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

So, in a ſubſequent paſſage:

"—— no man is the lord of any thing,
"(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
"Till he communicate his *parts* to others."

Ben Jonſon has uſed the word *parted* in the ſame manner) in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of *Every Man out of his Humour*: "MACILENTE, a man well-*parted*, a ſufficient ſcholar," &c. MALONE.

[2] — *nor doth the eye itſelf*, &c.] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"No, Caſſius; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
"But by reflection, by ſome other things." STEEVENS.

[3] *To others' eyes:*—
That moſt pure ſpirit, &c.] Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto. POPE.

Salutes

Salutes each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf[4],
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf: this is not ſtrange at all.
Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumſtance[5], expreſsly proves—,
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
Where they are extended; which, like * an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax[6].
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horſe;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth! Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd[7]. O heavens, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall[8],
Whiles

[4] *For* ſpeculation *turns not*, &c.] *Speculation* has here the ſame meaning as in *Macbeth*:

" Thou haſt no *ſpeculation* in thoſe eyes
" Which thou doſt glare with." MALONE.

[5] — *in his circumſtance*,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

* — which, *like*—] Old Copies—*who*, like—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *The unknown* Ajax.] *Ajax*, who has abilities which were never brought into view or uſe. JOHNSON.

[7] — *Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow*,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by conſidering the middle line as parenthetical, the paſſage is ſufficiently clear. MALONE.

[8] *How ſome men* creep *in ſkittiſh fortune's hall*,] To *creep* is to *keep out of ſight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall*

Whiles others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantonneſs[9]!
To ſee theſe Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the ſhoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breaſt,
And great Troy ſhrieking*;

Achil. I do believe it; for they paſs'd by me,
As miſers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back[1],
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done; Perſeverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way;
For honour travels in a ſtrait ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,

ball of fortune, while others, though they but *play the ideot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of diſtinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, uſed without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of ſight*. While ſome men, ſays Ulyſſes, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[9] *While pride is* faſting *in his wantonneſs!*] I have preferred *faſting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feaſting*, which we find in the folio, not only becauſe the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but becauſe the original reading furniſhes that kind of antitheſis of which our poet was ſo fond. One man eats, while another faſts. Achilles is he who faſts; who capriciouſly abſtains from thoſe active exertions which would furniſh new food for his pride. Dr. Johnſon thinks either word may bear a good ſenſe. MALONE.

* *And great Troy* ſhrieking.] Thus the quarto. The folio has, leſs poetically, *ſhrinking*.

The following paſſage in the ſubſequent ſcene, ſupports the reading of the quarto:

"Hark, how *Troy roars*; how Hecuba cries out;
"How poor Andromache ſhrills her dolours forth;—
"And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead." MALONE.

[1] *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This ſpeech is printed in all the modern editions with ſuch deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

That

That one by one purſue; If you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;—
Or, like a gallant horſe fallen in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear [2],
O'er run and trampled on [3]: Then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: Welcome ever ſmiles [4],
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit [5],
High birth, vigour of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one concent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted [6].

The

[2] — *to the abject* rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read—*to the abject*, near. JOHNSON.

[3] *O'er run*, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the ſimile of the horſe, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmoſt, then what they do at preſent,—.

The folio ſeems to have ſome omiſſion, for the ſimile begins,

Or, *like a gallant horſe*—. JOHNSON.

[4] The conſtruction is, Or, like a gallant horſe, &c. *you* lie there for pavement—; the perſonal pronoun of a preceding line being underſtood here. There are many other paſſages in theſe plays in which a ſimilar ellipſis is found. So, in this play, p. 231: "—but commends itſelf—," inſtead of "—but *it* commends itſelf." MALONE.

[4] *Welcome ever ſmiles*,] The compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word *the*, which has juſt occurred, and printed—*the* welcome, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] — *for beauty, wit*, &c.] The modern editors read:

For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more eaſy laplſe of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

[6] *And* give *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.] That is, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, than *to* gilt o'er-duſted. *Gilt* in the ſecond line is a ſubſtantive.

The

The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worſhip Ajax;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once on thee[7],
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions[8] 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſſ. But 'gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters[9].

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyſſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,

The quarto and folio read—And *goe* to duſt, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

Duſt a little gilt means, ordinary performances oſtentatiouſly diſplayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things paſt." *Gilt o'er-duſted* means, ſplendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet ſeems to have been thinking, either of thoſe monuments which he has mentioned in *All's well that ends well*,

"Where *duſt* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
"Of honour'd bones indeed;"—

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in "monumental mockery." MALONE.

[7] — *went* once *on thee*,] So the quarto. The folio—went *out* on thee. MALONE.

[8] *Made emulous* miſſions —] The meaning of *miſſions* ſeems to be, *diſpatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal buſineſs, ſuch as often happened at the ſiege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the deſcent of deities to combat on either ſide; an idea which Shakſpeare very probably adopted from Chapman's tranſlation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This diſobedience is the *faction* which I ſuppoſe Ulyſſes would deſcribe. STEEVENS.

[9] — *one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

Knows

Knows almoſt every grain of Plutus' gold [1];
Finds bottom in the uncomprehenſive deeps;
Keeps place with thought [2], and almoſt, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles [3].
There is a myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle [4]) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,—
Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

[1] *Knows almoſt every grain of* Plutus' *gold;*] For this elegant line the quarto has only.

Knows almoſt every thing. JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's* gold. The correction which I have made of this obvious error of the preſs, needs no juſtification. The ſame error is found in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. iii. where it has been properly corrected:

" —— within, a heart,
" Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold."

So, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i. we find in the quarto, to *Calcho's* houſe, inſtead of—to *Calchas'* houſe. The emendation now made was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, though he did not admit it into his edition. MALONE.

[2] *Keeps* place *with thought;*] i. e. there is in the providence of a ſtate, as in the providence of the univerſe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expreſſion is exquiſitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keepe pace*, and ſo deſtroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

[3] *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear from the defect of the metre that ſome word of two ſyllables was omitted by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Shakſpeare perhaps wrote:

Does thoughts *themſelves* unveil in their dumb cradles,—
or, Does *infant* thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" And turns his *infant* morn to aged night." MALONE.

In *Timon of Athens*, we have the ſame alluſion:

" Joy had the like *conception* in my *brain*,
" And at that inſtant, *like a babe, ſprung up.*" MALONE.

[4] — *(with whom relation*
Durſt never meddle)—] There is a ſecret adminiſtration of affairs, which no *hiſtory* was ever able to diſcover. JOHNSON.

Farewell,

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air[5].

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd[6].

Patr. O, then beware;
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary[7]
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call Therſites hither, ſweet Patroclus:
I'll ſend the fool to Ajax, and deſire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

[5] — *to air.*] So the quarto. The folio—*to* airy *air.* JOHNSON.

[6] *My fame is ſhrewdly* gor'd.] So, in our authour's 110th Sonnet:
"Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—
And *gor'd* mine own thoughts,—." MALONE.

[7] *Omiſſion to do*, &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commiſſion* or enable that *danger* of diſhonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with Hector; and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride, and a ſtand: ruminates, like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard[8], as who ſhould ſay —there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and ſo there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my embaſſador to him, Therſites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his preſence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly deſire the valiant Ajax, to invite the moſt valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious, ſix-or-ſeven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you, to invite Hector to his tent;

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

[8] — *with a politick regard,*] With a *ſly look.* JOHNSON.

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler Apollo get his ſinews to make catlings on [9].

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature [1].

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain ſtir'd;
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one ſide, ÆNEAS, *and Servant, with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in perſon?—
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

[9] — *to make* catlings *on.*] It has been already obſerved that a *catling* ſignifies a ſmall lute-ſtring made of *catgut.* One of the muſicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling.* STEEVENS.

[1] — *the more* capable *creature.*] The more *intelligent* creature. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, *capable.*" MALONE.

Dio.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce[2]:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, ſo long, health:
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchiſes' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand complete courſes of the ſun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you[3]; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfree'd Antenor, the fair Creſſid:
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,

[2] *During all* queſtion *of the gentle truce:*] I once thought to read:
During all quiet *of the gentle truce.*
But I think *queſtion* means intercourſe, interchange of converſation. JOHNSON.
Queſtion of the gentle truce, is converſation while the gentle truce laſts. MALONE.

[3] *His purpoſe meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

Haſte there before us: I conſtantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Creſſid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the ſoul of ſound good-fellowſhip,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen beſt,
Myſelf, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece[4];
You, like a lecher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore[5].

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,

4 —*a flat* tamed *piece;*] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

5 *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;*
But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*] The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one againſt the other, are exactly equal; in each of the ſcales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed a harlot muſt be placed, ſince each of them has been equally attached to one.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads —*which* heavier for a whore. MALONE.

A Trojan

A Trojan hath been ſlain: ſince ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell[6].
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Court before the houſe of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill[7] thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.

[6] *We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practiſe the buyer's art, we will not practiſe the ſeller's. We intend to ſell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* ſell. STEEVENS.

The ſenſe, I think, requires we ſhould read—*condemn*. TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnſon ſays, they meant to ſell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to ſell her at all, (as he has been underſtood,) but that the Greeks ſhould pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* dear for, *if you have her*. So Ajax ſays in a former ſcene, "however, he ſhall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our authour having introduced a ſimilar ſentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, we have—

"To thing's of *ſale* a ſeller's *praiſe* belongs."

Again, in his 21ſt Sonnet:

"I will not *praiſe*, that purpoſe *not* to *ſell*."

This paſſage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not ſell* ſounds very harſh. However, many very harſh combinations may be found in theſe plays, where rhymes are introduced. MALONE.

[7] —*Sleep* kill—] So the old copies. The moderns have—

Sleep *ſeal*—. JOHNSON.

Seal was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys[8] no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Pan. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
As tediouſly[9] as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O fooliſh Creſſida!—I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*within*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS[1].

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking: I ſhall have ſuch a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—Here, you maid! where's my couſin Creſſid?

Cre. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do[2], and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her ſay what: what have I brought you to do?

[8] —*hide our* joys—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—hide our *eyes*. MALONE.

[9] *As tediouſly*—] The folio has—As hideouſly *as hell*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following ſhort converſation between Pandarus and Creſſida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, book 3. v. 1561.

" Pandare, a morowe which that commen was
" Unto his necè, gan her faire to grete,
" And ſaied all this night ſo rained it alas!
" That all my drede is, that ye, necè ſwete,
" Have little leiſir had to ſlepe and mete,
" All night (quod he) hath rain ſo do me make,
" That ſome of us trowe ther heddis ake.

" Creſſeide anſwerde, nevir the bet for you,
" Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your herte care,
" God helpe me ſo, ye cauſed all this fare," STEEVENS.

[2] —*to* do,] To *do* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio ſays: "I would fain be *doing*." Again, in *All's well*, &c. Lafeu declares that he is paſt *doing*. COLLINS.

Cre.

Cre. Come, come; beſhrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia[3]!—haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and ſee.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.—
[*Knocking.*
How earneſtly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre.

Pan. [*going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be ſo true to him, to be

[3] —*a poor capocchia!*—] Pandarus would ſay, I think, in Engliſh—*Poor* innocent!—*Poor* fool! *haſt not ſlept to-night?* Theſe appellations are very well anſwered by the Italian word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* ſignifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a ſot, dullard, heavy gull. Theobald.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald ſubſtituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capochia* may perhaps be uſed with propriety in the ſame ſenſe, when applied to a *female*; but the word has alſo an entirely different meaning, not reconcileable to the context here, for which I chooſe to refer the reader to Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. Malone.

falſe-

falſe to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus *is going out, enter* Troilus.

Tro. How now: what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh[4]: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us[5]; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacriſice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Creſſida.

Tro. Is it ſo concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general ſtate of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here[6].

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecrets of neighbour Pandar[7]
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, *and* Æneas.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

[4] —*matter is ſo* raſh:] My buſineſs is ſo *haſty* and ſo abrupt. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" ——*aconitum, or* raſh *gunpowder.*" Steevens.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" It is too *raſh*, too unadviſed, too ſudden;

" Too like the lightning," &c. Malone.

[5] *Deliver'd to us*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith,—. Johnson.

[6] *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

" *I did not ſend you*" Malone.

[7] —*the ſecrets of neighbour Pandar*—] Thus the quarto. The editor of the folio printed, inſtead of this,—the *ſecrets* of nature. I ſuppoſe he meant—the *ſecreteſt* of nature, and that *ſecrets* was an error of the preſs. So, in *Macbeth*:

" The *ſecret'ſt* man of blood." Malone.

Enter

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? Gone? Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'ſt be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch* of conſanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me, As the ſweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſhood[8], If ever ſhe leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love[9] Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks:

* —*no* touch—] No feeling, no ſenſation. MALONE.

[8] —*the very* crown *of falſhood,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——my ſupreme *crown* of grief."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" the *crown* and comfort of my life." MALONE.

[9] —*the ſtrong baſe and building of my love*] So, in our authour's 119th Sonnet:

" And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built* anew,—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
" Betwixt us as the cement of our *love*,
" To keep it *builded*, be the ram to batter
" The fortreſs of it." MALONE.

Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning[1]; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Tro. Walk in to her houſe;
I'll bring her to the Grecian preſently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A prieſt, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit* Tro.
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!—
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth[2] in a ſenſe as ſtrong

[1] —*great morning;*] *Grand jour*; a Galliciſm. STEEVENS.

[2] —*and* violenteth—] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, as Dr. Johnſon has noted, probably not underſtanding the word, ſubſtituted—

And *ſo leſs* in a ſenſe as ſtrong, &c. MALONE.

Violenceth is uſed by Ben Johnſon in *The Devil is an Aſs*:

" Nor nature *violenceth* in both theſe."

and Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with this verb as ſpelt in the play of Shakſpeare: " His former adverſaries *violented* any thing againſt him." *Fuller's Worthies, in Angleſea.*

Dr. Farmer likewiſe adds the following inſtance from Latimer, p. 71: " Maiſter Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the biſhop of Rome." STEEVENS.

As

As that which cauſeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs;
No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah ſweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus! [*embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly ſaying is,—

——— *o heart, o heavy heart**,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again,

Becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd[3] a purity,
That the bleſt gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Tro. And ſuddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures, ſtrangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs

* — o *heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*ſtrain'd*—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *ſtrange*. JOHNSON.

Did[1]

Did buy each other[4], muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them[5],
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears[6].

Æne. [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *Come!* to him that inſtantly muſt die[7].—
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears; rain, to lay this wind[8], or my heart will be blown up by the root[9]. [*Exit* Pan.

[4] *We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs*
Did buy *each other*,] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
" A thouſand kiſſes *buys* my heart from me,
" And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one." MALONE.

[5] *With diſtinct breath and* conſign'd kiſſes *to them*,] *Conſign'd* means *ſeal'd*; from *conſigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: " It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *conſign* to." Our authour has the ſame image in many other places. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" But my *kiſſes* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain."
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:
" Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted." MALONE.

[6] Diſtaſted *with the ſalt of* broken *tears*.] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and ſuddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* ſobs, or *broken* ſlumbers.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*diſtaſting*. MALONE.

[7] *Hark! you are call'd: Some ſay*, the Genius *ſo*
Cries, Come! *to him that inſtantly muſt die*.] An obſcure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:
" My ſoul juſt now about to take her flight
" Into the regions of eternal night,
" Methinks, I hear ſome gentle *ſpirit* ſay,
" Be not fearful, *come away!*"
After whom, Pope:
" Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
" Siſter ſpirit, *come away*." MALONE.

[8] *Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind*,] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:
" This windy tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
" Holds back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
" At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er." MALONE.

[9] —*by* the root.] So the folio. Quarto—by *my throat*. MALONE.

Cre.

Cre. I muſt then to the Grecians?
Tro. No remedy.
Cre. A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks[1]!—
When ſhall we ſee again?
Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—
Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
Tro. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I ſpeak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himſelf[2],
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation; be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.
Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian ſentinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet, be true.
Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I ſpeak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving[3], well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe!
How novelty may move, and parts with perſon[4],

[1] *A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the* merry Greeks!] So, in *A mad World my Maſters*, 1640, a man gives the watchman ſome money, and when they have received it he ſays: "the *merry Greeks* underſtand me." STEEVENS.

[2] *For I will throw my glove to death*—] That is, I will *challenge* death himſelf in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

[3] They're *loving*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their* loving. This ſlight correction I propoſed ſome time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It alſo has *gift* of nature. That emendation is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line, "*full* of quality," means, I think, abſolute, perfect, in their diſpoſitions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"So buxom, blithe, and *full* of face,
"As heaven had lent her all his grace." MALONE.

[4] —*with perſon*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—with *portion*. STEEVENS.

Alas,

Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.
Cre. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt[5], nor ſweeten talk,
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiſs; and let us part.
Par. [*within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cre. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity[6];
Whilſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true[7],—there's all the reach of it.

[5] —*the high* lavolt.] The *lavolta* was a dance. STEEVENS.

[6] —*catch mere ſimplicity*;] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high eſtimation, I, by honeſty, obtain a plain ſimple approbation. JOHNSON.

[7] —*the* moral *of my wit*
Is—plain, and true,—] *Moral* in this inſtance has the ſame meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv: "Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act Iv. ſc. iv: "—he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his ſigns and tokens." TOLLET.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, ſir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port[8], lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, poſſeſs thee what ſhe is[9].
Entreat her fair; and, by my ſoul, fair Greek.
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name Creſſid, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Creſſid,
So pleaſe you, ſave the things this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to Diomed
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praiſing her[1]: I tell thee, lord of Greece;
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my luſt[2]: And know you, lord,

[8] *At the* port,] The *port* is the *gate*. Steevens.

[9] —poſſeſs *thee what ſhe is.*] I will *make thee fully underſtand.* This ſenſe of the word *poſſeſs* is frequent in our authour. Johnson.

[1] *To ſhame the* zeal *of my petition to thee,*
In praiſing her:] The old copies read—the *ſeal.* The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. Troilus, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that Diomede does not uſe him courteouſly by addreſſing himſelf to Creſſida and aſſuring her that ſhe ſhall be well treated for her own ſake, and on account of her ſingular beauty, inſtead of making a direct anſwer to that *warm* requeſt which Troilus had juſt made to him to "entreat her fair." The ſubſequent words fully ſupport this interpretation:
"I charge thee uſe her well, *even for my charge.*" Malone.

[2] *I'll anſwer to my* luſt:] *Luſt* was uſed formerly as ſynonimous to *pleaſure.* So, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*
"—— the eyes of men through loop-holes thruſt,
"Gazing upon the Greeks with little *luſt.*" Malone.

I'll

I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay—be't ſo,
I ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee*, Diomed,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TRO. CRES. *and* DIO. *Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning!
The prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready ſtraight[3].

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity,
Let us addreſs to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

* —I *tell thee*,] Old Copies—*I'll* tell thee. For this emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame words occur in the preceding ſpeech of Troilus. In the folio *I'll* is printed in another place in this ſcene inſtead of *I*. MALONE.

[3] *Let us make ready ſtraight*, &c.] Theſe five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the reviſion. JOHNSON.

To the firſt of theſe lines, "*Let us make ready ſtraight*," is prefixed in the folio, where alone the paſſage is found, *Dio.* Mr. Maſon has juſtly obſerved, that it cannot belong to Diomede, who had the charge of Creſſida, and would naturally attend her and Troilus, who has juſt ſaid, that he would deliver her up to Diomed at the port, and inform him, "*by the way*, what ſhe is." Beſides, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, it is abſurd that Diomed ſhould addreſs Paris and Æneas, as if they were all going to fight on the ſame ſide.

I ſuſpect theſe five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors for the ſake of concluding the ſcene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commiſſion he was entruſted with by the Greeks. The line in queſtion, however, as has been ſuggeſted by an anonymous writer, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From Æneas's firſt ſpeech, and the ſtage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third ſcene of this act, Deiphobus appears to be now on the ſtage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been eaſily confounded. As this ſlight change removes the abſurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakſpeare that Diomed ſhould make his *exit* with Troilus and Creſſida. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Grecian *Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter, AJAX *arm'd;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and Others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment[4] fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek[5]
Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

[4] —*in* appointment—] That is, in accoutrements, and other military preparations. So, a *well appointed* knight. On the other hand, in *Hamlet*:
" Unhousell'd, *disappointed*, unanneal'd." MALONE.

[5] —*bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.
So, in *Vitoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:
" ———'Faith his cheek
" Has a most excellent *bias*." STEEVENS.

Men-

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The firſt was Menelaus' kiſs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, ſir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give[6].

Cre. I'll make my match to live[7],
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.—
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.

Cre. Why, beg then[8].

Ulyſſ. Why then, for Venus' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyſſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you[9].

Div.

[6] *Both take and give.*] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

[7] *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make ſuch *bargains* as I may live by, *ſuch as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worſe kiſs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life.* TYRWHITT.

[8] *Why, beg then.*] For the ſake of rhime we ſhould read:

Why beg two.

If you think kiſſes worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

[9] *Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.*] I once gave both theſe lines to Creſſida. She bids Ulyſſes beg a kiſs; he aſks that he may have it,

When

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomed *leads out* Creſſida.

Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe.

Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive[1] of her body.
O, theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome[2] ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity[3],
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR *arm'd*, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! what ſhall be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

When Helen is a maid again—.
She tells him that then he ſhall have it,—when Helen is a maid again.

Cre. *I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;*
Never's my day, and then a kiſs for you.
But I rather think that Ulyſſes means to ſlight her, and that the preſent reading is right. JOHNSON.

[1] —motive *of her body,*] *Motive* for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*a* coaſting *welcome*—] A conciliatory welcome; that makes ſilent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
" And all in haſte ſhe *coaſteth* to the cry." MALONE.

[3] —*ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whoſe chaſtity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

Achil.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done[4],
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector[5];
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

[4] *'Tis done like Hector; but* securely *done,*] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*:—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo.* A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON.

This speech in the old copies is given to *Agamemnon*, but Mr. Theobald justly observes that it must belong to *Achilles*, as Æneas in consequence of it immediately addresses that warrior, "If not Achilles, sir," &c. and in the subsequent speech but one desires, him to take notice that Hector was as void of pride as he was full of valour. Dryden had made the same regulation MALONE.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspeare, "for, says he, I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "—neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscane tung,—."

Ben Johnson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

[5] *Valour and pride* excel *themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

This

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood[6]:
In love whereof, half Hector ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to ſeek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek[7].

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is ſir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Concent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

[Ajax *and* Hector *enter the liſts.*

Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſſ. The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought[8] with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous:
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects[9]; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect

[6] *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;*] Ajax and Hector were couſin-germans. MALONE.

[7] —*half Trojan, and half Greek.*] Hence Patroclus in a former ſcene called Ajax a *mongrel.* MALONE.

[8] —*an impair thought*—] A thought unſuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I ſhould have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his tranſlation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—nor is it more *impaire* to an honeſt and abſolute man," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*Hector—ſubſcribes*
To tender objects;] That is, *yields, gives* way. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, "—*ſubſcrib'd* his power," i. e. ſubmitted. STEEVENS.

A ſecond

A ſecond hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus ſays Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private ſoul,
Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me[1].
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well diſpos'd:—there, Ajax?
Dio. You muſt no more. [*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon,
A couſin-german to great Priam's ſeed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the ſinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Couſin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries, *This is he,*) could promiſe to himſelf[2]
A thought

[1] —*thus tranſlate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.* JOHNSON.
[2] *Not Neoptolemus ſo mirable*
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries,

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it[3];
The iſſue is embracement:—Ajax, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,

Cries, This is he) *could promiſe to himſelf*, &c.] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that "the ſenſe and ſpirit of Hector's ſpeech requires that the moſt celebrated of his adverſaries ſhould be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himſelf, not his ſon Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads:

Not Neoptolemus's *fire iraſcible.*

Such a licentious conjecture deſerves no attention.

I agree with Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakſpeare ſuppoſed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*; an error into which he might have been led by ſome book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former paſſage, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the ſiege of Troy:

"But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home*, &c.

MALONE.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the authour meant Achilles himſelf; and remembering that the ſon was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, conſidered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewiſe Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have uſed Neoptolemus for Achilles. Willſride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the ſame miſtake before him, as the following ſtanza will ſhew:

"Alſo the triumphant Troyans victorious,
"By Anthenor and Æneas falſe confederacie,
"Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
"Who was vanquiſhed and ſubdued by their conſpiracie.
"O dolorous fortune, and fatal miſerie!
"For mulitude of people was there mortificate
"With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
"And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are diſtinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who firſt embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

"The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
"That had his haire as blacke as any jet, &c.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

"Sith that *Achilles* in ſuch traiterous wiſe
"Is ſlaine, that we a meſſenger ſhould ſend
"To fetch his ſon young *Pyrrhus*, to the end
"He may revenge his father's death," &c. STEEVENS.

3. *We'll anſwer it:*] That is, anſwer the *expectance*. JOHNSON.

(As

(As ſeld I have the chance,) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wiſh: and great Achilles
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Deſire them home—Give me thy hand, my couſin;
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights[4].

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Agam. Worthy of arms[5]! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious Agamemnon*.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no leſs to you.
[*to* Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

[4] —*your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is ſure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantaſtick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either ſide in the Trojan war. I wiſh that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'ſquire*. Mr. Pope, in his tranſlation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

'Theſe knights to the amount of about *two hundred thouſand* (for there were not leſs in both armies) Shakſpeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*. MALONE.

[5] *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio. Worthy *all* arms! Quarto. The quarto has only the firſt, ſecond, and the laſt line of this ſalutation; the intermediate verſes ſeem added on a reviſion. JOHNSON.

* —*moſt* imperious *Agamemnon*,] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the ſame ſignification. MALONE.

Hect.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath[6];
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, ſir; ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny[7], make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekiſh youth: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements[8],
When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd[1];
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling: This have I ſeen;

[6] *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a ſtrange corruption:
Mock not thy affect, *the untreaded* earth. JOHNSON.

—*the* untraded *oath;*] A ſingular oath, not in common uſe. So, in *King Richard II.*

" ——— ſome way of common *trade.*"

Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear; unleſs the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 4to. 1577, Sign. M ij: " At this upper borde nexte unto Jupiter on the right hande ſat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddeſſe his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr ſatte *Venus*, the goddeſſe of love, *with a* GLOVE *made of flowres, flickyng in hyr boſome.* MALONE.

[7] *Labouring for deſtiny*, &c.] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— His ſword, *death's ſtamp*,
" Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
" He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
" Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
" The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
" With ſhunleſs *deſtiny.*" MALONE.

[8] *Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And ſeen thee ſcorning *forfeits and ſubduements.* JOHNSON.

[1] *When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,*
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" And hangs reſolv'd correction in the air,
" That was uprear'd to execution."

The *declin'd* is the *fallen.* So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." MALONE.

But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him: he was a ſoldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Neſtor[2].

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Moſt reverend Neſtor, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy[3].

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have ſeen the time—

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here her baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulyſſes, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekiſh embaſſy.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds[4],

Muſt

[2] *'Tis the old Neſtor.*] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Old Caſſius ſtill."

If the poet had the ſame idea in both paſſages, Æneas means, "Neſtor is ſtill the ſame talkative old man, we have long known him to be." He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Neſtor is the perſon who has addreſſed him. MALONE.

[3] *As they contend*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[4] *Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Threat'ning *cloud kiſſing Ilion* with annoy."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Whoſe *towers* bore *heads* ſo high, they *kiſs'd the clouds*."

Ilion, according to Shakſpeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, "that was one of the richeſt and the ſtrongeſt that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, beſides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and ſo high as that it ſeemed to them that ſaw them from farre, *they raught up unto the heaven*." *The Deſtruction of Troy*, B. II. p. 478.

So

Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord Ulyſſes, thou[5]!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee[6];
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint[7].

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

So alſo Lydgate, Sign. F 8, verſo:

" And whan he gan to his worke approche,
" He made it builde hye upon a *roche*,
" It for to aſſure in his foundation,
" And called it the noble *Ylion*."

Shakſpeare was thinking of this circumſtance when he wrote in the firſt act theſe lines. Troilus is the ſpeaker:

" Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides, [i. e. Troy]
" Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood." MALONE.

[5] *I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord Ulyſſes*, thou!—] Should we not read —*though*? Notwithſtanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I ſhall draw him firſt into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, v. ix. p. 460:

" —— O diſſembling woman,
" Whom I muſt reverence *though*—." TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently uſed by one who meant to inſult another. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs." Again, in the *Tempeſt*:

" Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey, *thou!*"

Again, in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, *thou!*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulyſſes had not ſaid any thing to excite ſuch contempt. MALONE.

[6] *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee*;] The hint for this ſcene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

[7] *And* quoted *joint by joint*.] To *quote* is to obſerve. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
" I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew; Anſwer me, heavens!

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand again:
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtithy'd[8] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;—
And you, Achilles, let theſe threats alone,
Till accident, or purpoſe, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have ſtomach; the general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him[9].

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field;

[8] —*that* ſtithy'd—] A *ſtithy* is the northern term for an anvil. The word is ſtill uſed in Yorkſhire. MALONE.

[9] —*the general ſtate, I fear,*
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax means to inſinuate that Achilles was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day, ſays he, have enough of Hector if you chooſe it, but I believe the whole ſtate of Greece can ſcarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have *a ſtomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. MASON.

We

We have had pelting wars*, ſince you refus'd
The Grecians' cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. Firſt, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we[1]: afterwards,
As Hector's leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines[2], let the trumpets blow,
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* Tro. *and* Ulyss.

Tro. My lord Ulyſſes, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyſſ. At Menelaus' tent, moſt princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Creſſid.

Tro. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſſ. You ſhall command me, ſir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Creſſida in Troy? Had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Tro. O, ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

* —pelting *wars*,—] i. e. petty, inconſiderable wars. Malone.

[1] —convive—] To *convive* is to *feaſt*. This word is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. I find it ſeveral times uſed in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. Steevens.

[2] *Beat loud the tabourines*,] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—*To taſte your bounties.*—The reading which I have given from the folio ſeems choſen at the reviſion, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. Johnson.

Tabourines are ſmall drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Steevens.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therſites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature[3], what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box[4], or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity! and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patro. Male varlet[5], you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,

[3] *Thou cruſty* batch *of nature,*] *Batch* ſignifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afreſh. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Cataline:*

"Except he were of the ſame meal and *batch.*"

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in it,* 1612: "The beſt is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world." Therſites had already been called *cobloaf.* Steevens.

[4] *The ſurgeon's box,*] In this anſwer Therſites only quibbles upon the word *tent.* Hanmer.

[5] *Male varlet,*—] Hanmer reads—*male harlot,* plauſible enough, except that it ſeems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. Johnson.

This expreſſion is met with in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* P. I. "—'tis a *male varlet,* ſure, my lord!" Farmer.

The perſon ſpoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's cloaths. I have no doubt that the text is right. Malone.

loads

loads o'gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palſies[6], raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt[7]; you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſleive ſilk[8], thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patro. Out, gall[9]!

Ther. Finch egg'[10]!

Achil. My ſweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love[11];

[6] —*cold palſies*,—] This catalogue of loathſome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palſies*. This paſſage, as it ſtands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the ſecond edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargment of the enumeration of diſeaſes. JOHNSON.

[7] —*you ruinous*, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Therſites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

The ſame idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

" *Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —*thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſleive ſilk*,—] All the terms uſed by Therſites of Patroclus, are emblematically expreſſive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiouſneſs. JOHNSON.

Sleive ſilk has been already explained. MALONE.

[9] *Out, gall!*] Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which anſwers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—Out, *gall!* JOHNSON.

[10] *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I ſuppoſe he means to call him *finging bird*, as implying an uſeleſs favourite, and yet more, ſomething more worthleſs, a finging bird in the egg; or generally, a ſlight thing eaſily cruſhed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of ſuch terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true ſignification. STEEVENS.

[11] *A token from her daughter*, &c.] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory book of The three deſtructions of Troy. HANMER.

Both

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or ſtay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therſites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not ſo much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds [3]; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit [4], turn him to? To an aſs, were nothing; he is both aſs and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and aſs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a put-

[3] *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull;—the primitive ſtatue, and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds;*—] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; i. e. his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

The memorial is called *oblique*, becauſe it was only indirectly ſuch, upon the common ſuppoſition that both bulls and cuckolds were furniſhed with horns. HEATH.

Perhaps Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. W. I think, miſtakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive ſtatue*, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*forced with wit*,—] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this ſpeech I do not well underſtand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably ſalacious. STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was ſynonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par Le Roux*, under the article *caille* are theſe words:

" Chaud comme une *caille*.—
" *Caille* coeffée,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux *femmes*. Signifie " femme eveillée, amoureuſe."

So, in Rabelais:—" *Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;"—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old tranſlation): " coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggiſhly ſinging." MALONE.

tock,

tock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not Therſites; for I care not to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! ſpirits, and fires [5]!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we ſee the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyſſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught *: Sweet, quoth 'a! ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe
That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MEN.

Achil. Old Neſtor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſſ. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [*aſide to* Troilus.

Tro. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYS. *and* TRO. *following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. HECT. AJAX, *and* NEST.

[5] — *ſpirits, and fires!*] This Therſites ſpeaks upon the firſt ſight of the diſtant lights. JOHNSON.

* *Sweet* draught:] *Draught* is the old word for *ſorica*. It is uſed in the vulgar tranſlation of the Bible. MALONE.

Ther. That ſame Diomed's a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like Brabler the hound[6]; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come ſome change; the ſun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee Hector, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a Trojan drab[7], and uſes the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS, *and* ULYSSES, *at a diſtance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyſſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Creſſid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Tro. Yea, ſo familiar!

Ulyſſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight[8].

Ther. And any man may ſing her, if he can take her cliff[9]; ſhe's noted.

Dio.

[6] — *he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like Brabler the hound:*] If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the ſcent of the game, he is by ſportſmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb ſays, *Brabling curs never want ſore ears.* ANONYMUS.

[7] — *they ſay, he keeps a Trojan drab,*—] This character of Diomed is likewiſe taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

[8] *She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.*] We now ſay—ſing *at ſight.* The meaning is the ſame. MALONE.

[9] — *her* cliff;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in muſick at the beginning of the lines of a ſong; and is the indication of the pitch, and beſpeaks what kind of voice—

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forſworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyſſ. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beſeech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyſſ. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great deſtruction[1]; come, my lord.

Tro.

as baſe, tenour, or treble, it is proper for. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing muſical terms, ſays,

" — Will none but my C. *cliffe* ſerve your turn?" Steevens.

[1] *You flow to great deſtruction:* means, I think, your impetuoſity is ſuch as muſt neceſſarily expoſe you to *imminent danger*. Malone.

The folio has:

You flow to great *diſtraction.*—

The quarto:

You flow to great *deſtruction.*— Johnson.

I would

Tro. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and all hell's torments, I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyſſ. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out.

Tro. She ſtrokes his cheek!

Ulyſſ. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, ſtay; by Jove, I will not ſpeak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—ſtay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles theſe together[2]! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You ſlow to great deſtruction*, or *deſtraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madneſs* from the predominance of your own paſſions. STEEVENS.

Poſſibly we ought to read *deſtruction*, as Ulyſſes has told Troilus juſt before, that

" ——— this place is dangerous;
" This time right deadly." MASON.

[2] *How the devil* luxury, *with his fat rump, and* potatoe *finger, tickles theſe together!*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term uſed by the ſchool divines, to expreſs the ſin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our Engliſh writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæſt. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author diſtributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio*, *Adulterium*, *Inceſtus*, *Stuprum*, *Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parſon's Tale*, deſcanting on the ſeven deadly ſins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in *K. Lear*, our author uſes the word in this peculiar ſenſe:

" To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want ſoldiers."

But why is *luxury*, or laſciviouſneſs, ſaid to have a *potatoe finger*? This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was conſidered as a rare exotic, and eſteemed a very ſtrong provocative. As the plant is ſo common now, it may entertain the reader

Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

reader to ſee how it is deſcribed by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

"This plant, which is called of ſome Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the deſcription thereof unto thoſe that ſhall hereafter have further knowledge of the ſame. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flouriſhed until winter, at which time they periſhed and rotted. They are uſed to be eaten roaſted in the aſhes. Some, when they be ſo roaſted, infuſe them and ſop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howſoever they be dreſſed, they comfort, nouriſh, and ſtrengthen the bodie, procure *bodily luſt, and that with greedineſs.*"

Shakſpeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "— Let the ſky rain *potatoes*, hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let *a tempeſt of provocation* come."

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: "— a banquet of oyſter-pies, ſkerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetſtones of venery." Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"*Potatoes* eke, if you ſhall lack,
"To corroborate the back."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You ſhall find me a kind of ſparrow, widow;
"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by B. and Fletcher:

"A banquet,—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
"And as I take it, cantharides:—Excellent!"

Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, *Deſcription of England*, p. 167:

"Of the *potato* and ſuch *venerous* roots, &c. I ſpeake not."

Laſtly, in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorpheſis of Ajax*, 1596: "Perhaps you have been uſed to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encreaſe your appetite to ſeverall evacuations."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came firſt from Ireland into Lancaſhire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were diſtinguiſhed from the Spaniſh by the name of Virginia *potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spaniſh ſort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openauk*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the firſt who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in reſpect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Siſarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *ſkirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill ſays it is a *ſolanum*, and another very reſpectable naturaliſt conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*. COLLINS.

Cre.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this ſleeve [3].

[3] — *keep this ſleeve.*—The cuſtom of wearing a lady's *ſleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12: "One ware on his head-piece his lady's *ſleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the ſecond canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

"A lady's *ſleeve* high-ſpirited Haſtings wore."

Again, in the MORTE ARTHUR, p. 3. ch. 119:

"When queen Genever wiſt that Sir Launcelot beare the red *ſleeve* of the faire maide of Aſtolat, ſhe was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinſhed, p. 844, ſays K. Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *ſleeve* full of diamonds." The circumſtance, however, was adopted by Shakſpeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *ſleve*." A *pencill* is a ſmall *pennon* or ſtreamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in ſix acts) called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610, this incident ſeems to be burleſqued. *Troilus* and *Creſſida* are introduced by way of interlude, and *Creſſida* breaks out:

"O knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my ſkreene, wear it for grace;
"Within thy helmet put the ſame,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, The Hundred *Hyſtoryes of Troye*, tells us, "*Bryſeyde*, whom maſter *Chaucer* called *Creſſeyde*, was a damoſell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condyſions." FARMER.

What Mr. Steevens has obſerved on the ſubject of *ladies' ſleeves* is certainly true; but the ſleeve given in the preſent inſtance by Creſſida to Diomed, was the ſleeve of *Troilus*, which he had preſented to her on their ſeparation. It may be ſuppoſed to be an ornamented cuffe, ſuch perhaps as was worn by ſome of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakſpeare's age. MALONE.

On ſecond conſideration, I believe the ſleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomed, was ſuch a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenſer's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: "Alſo the deepe ſmocke *ſleive*, which the Iriſh women uſe, they ſay, was old Spaniſh, and is uſed yet in Barbary; and yet that ſhould ſeeme rather to be an old Engliſh faſhion, for in armory the faſhion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing elſe but a ſleive, is faſhioned much like to that ſleive." MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?
Ulyſſ. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O falſe wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens;—Well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it,
As I kiſs thee [4].—Nay, do not ſnatch it from me;
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you ſhall not;
I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this; Whoſe was it?
Cre. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was.
Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder [5],

[4] *As I kiſs thee.*—] In old editions,
As I kiſs thee.
Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
Cre. He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dr. Thirlby thinks this ſhould be all placed to Creſſida. She had the ſleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly: and Diomed ſnatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

[5] *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder.*] i. e. the ſtars which ſhe points to. WARBURTON.
So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"The *ſilver-ſhining queen* he would diſtain;
"Her twinkling *handmaids* too, by him defil'd,
"Through night's black boſom ſhould not peep again."
MALONE.

And

And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never ſhalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You ſhall not go:—One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel till then.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [*Exit* Dio.
Troilus, farewel[6]! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee[7].—
Ah! poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,

[6] *Troilus, farewel!*] The characters of Creſſida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteriſtically, he does not ſufficiently dwell on either to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with many circumſtances to be found in this tragedy. *Lydgate*, ſpeaking of Creſſida, ſays only:

" She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
" To ſhew what truſt there is in woman kind;
" For ſhe of her new love no ſooner ſped,
" But Troilus was clean out of her mind,
" As if ſhe never had him known or ſeen,
" Wherein I cannot gueſs what ſhe did mean."

STEEVENS.

[7] *But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.*—] I think it ſhould be read thus:

But *my heart with* the other eye doth ſee. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with *the other eye my heart* doth ſee. TYRWHITT.

There is ſurely no need of change. One eye, ſays Creſſida, looks on Troilus; but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed. MALONE.

Minds,

Minds, ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more [8],
Unleſs ſhe ſay'd, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyſſ. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyſſ. Why ſtay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my ſoul
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But, if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears [9];
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Creſſid here?

Ulyſſ. I cannot conjure, Trojan [1].

Tro. She was not, ſure.

Ulyſſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.

Ulyſſ. Nor mine, my lord: Creſſid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation [2],—to ſquare the general ſex
By Creſſid's rule: rather think this not Creſſid.

Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.

Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?

Tro. This ſhe? no, this is Diomed's Creſſida:
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe;
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,

[8] *A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more,*] She could not publiſh a ſtronger proof. JOHNSON.

[9] *That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears;*] That turns the very teſtimony of ſeeing and hearing againſt themſelves. THEOBALD.

[1] *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raiſe ſpirits in the form of Creſſida. JOHNSON.

[2] — *do not give advantage*
To ſtubborn criticks—*apt, without a theme,*
For depravation,—] *Critick* has here, I think, the ſignification of *Cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys." MALONE.

If

If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf [3],
This was not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt itſelf [4]!
Bi-fold authority [5]! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt [6]; this is, and is not, Creſſid!
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight [7]
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate [8]
Divides more wider * than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter [9].

[3] *If there be rule in unity itſelf,*] May mean, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one is one.* JOHNSON.

The rule alluded to is a very ſimple one; that *one* cannot be *two.* This woman therefore, ſays Troilus, this *falſe* one, cannot be that Creſſida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

[4] — *againſt* itſelf!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—againſt *thyſelf.* In the preceding line alſo I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—This *is* not ſhe. MALONE.

[5] *Bi-fold authority!*] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us: *By foul* authority!—
There is *madneſs* in that *diſquiſition* in which a man reaſons at once *for* and *againſt himſelf upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid.* The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of many paſſages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely becauſe he did not underſtand them. MALONE.

[6] — *where reaſon can revolt*
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt;] The words *loſs* and *perdition* are uſed in their common ſenſe, but they mean the *loſs* or *perdition* of *reaſon.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Within* my ſoul *there doth commence* a fight—] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Sir, *in my heart* there was a kind of *fighting.*" MALONE.

[8] — *a thing inſeparable*—] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus conſiders it *inſeparable*, or at leaſt that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it ſometimes is. MALONE.

* — more *wider*—] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far* wider; though we have a ſimilar phraſeology with the preſent in almoſt every one of theſe plays. MALONE.

[9] *As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.*] My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Aridchna's* broken woof; the other, which is ſaid to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens ſays, *Ariathna's.* The folio *Ariachne's.* Mr. Steevens hopes the miſtake was not originally the authour's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four ſyllables. MALONE.

Inſtance,

Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as Pluto's gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heaven itſelf;
The bonds of heaven are ſlipp'd, diſſolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied [1],
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed [2].

Ulyſſ. May worthy Troilus [3] be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Creſſid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a caſque compos'd by Vulcan's ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,

[1] — *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in the *The Fatal Dowry*, by Maſſinger, 1632;

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-ſtrings with this touch,
"In true *knots*, which nought but death ſhall looſe."

MALONE.

[2] *The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,*
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten *faith, are bound to Diomed.*] The image is not of the moſt delicate kind. "Her *o'er eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which ſhe was *ſurfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himſelf, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments, ſcraps*, &c. ſhow that this was Shakſpeare's meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Give me *exceſs* of it [muſick]; that *ſurfeiting*
"The *appetite* may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"The commonwealth is *ſick* of their own choice;
"Their *over-greedy* LOVE hath *ſurfeited*.—
"O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
"Did'ſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolinbroke,
"Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be!
"And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,
"Thou, beaſtly *feeder*, art ſo *full of him*,
"That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to *caſt him up*." MALONE.

[3] *May worthy Troilus*, &c.] Can Troilus really feel on this occaſion half of what he utters? A queſtion ſuitable to the calm Ulyſſes. JOHNSON.

Which

Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Creſſid! O falſe Creſſid! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſſ. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head[4]!

Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; ſtill, wars and lechery; nothing elſe holds faſhion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR, *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord ſo much urgently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?

[4] —*and wear a* caſtle *on thy head!*] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common ſecurity. So, in *The moſt ancient and famous hiſtory of the renowned Prince Arthur*, edit. 1634, ch. 158: "Do thou thy beſt, ſaid Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee faſt that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we ſhall ſoone come after, and break the ſtrongeſt *caſtle* that thou haſt upon thy head." *Wear a caſtle*, therefore, ſeems to be a figurative expreſſion, ſignifying, *keep a caſtle over your head*; i. e. live within the walls of your caſtle. In Urry's Chaucer Sir Thopas is repreſented with a *caſtle* by way of creſt to his helmet. STEEVENS.

Unarm,

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to the day[5].

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Caſ. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition,
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound!

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I ſay; the gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to uſe violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity[6].

Caſ.

[5] *My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be taken either from Lydgate, or the following paſſage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preſtes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147.

" Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
" That day that Hector ſhulde leſe his lif,
" She dremed on the ſame night beforne,
" How that the lif of Hector ſhuld be lorne,
" If thilke day he went into battaille:
" She warned him, but it might not availle;
" He went forth for to fighten natheles,
" And was yſlain anon of Achilles." STEEVENS.

My dreams of laſt night will prove ominous to the day; forbode ill to it, and ſhew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the ſeventh ſcene of this act:

" — the quarrel's moſt *ominous to us.*"

Again, in *King Richard III.*

" ——— O thou bloody priſon,
" Fatal and *ominous to* noble peers!"

Mr. Pope, and all the ſubſequent editors, read—will prove ominous *to-day.* MALONE.

[6] — *Do not count it holy*
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,

For

Caſ. It is the purpoſe[7], that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows, to every purpoſe, muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man[8]
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life —

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harneſs, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

For *we would give much, to* uſe *violent thefts,*
And rob in the behalf of charity.] i. e. ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, to uſe violent theſts, *becauſe* we would give much. The folio has—

For we would *count* give much to *as* violent theſts;

which affording no ſenſe, I have adopted an emendation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. He ſuppoſes, with ſome probability, that the word *count* crept into the text from the line laſt but one. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, inſtead of untying it, by reading—

For *us* to count *we* give *what's gain'd by* theft,

and all the ſubſequent editors have copied him. The laſt three lines are not in the quarto, the compoſitor's eye having probably paſſed over them; in conſequence of which the next ſpeech of Caſſandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the firſt line of this.

In the firſt part of Andromache's ſpeech ſhe alludes to a doctrine which Shakſpeare has often enforced. "Do not think you are acting virtuouſly by adhering to an oath, if you have *ſworn to do amiſs.* So, in *King John:*

" ——where doing tends to ill,
" The truth is then moſt done, not doing it." MALONE.

[7] *It is the purpoſe*—] The mad propheteſs ſpeaks here with all the coolneſs and judgment of a ſkilful caſuiſt. "The eſſence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpoſe, and the vow of which the end is wrong muſt not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

[8] —*dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editors read—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our authour's manner. JOHNSON.

Brave was ſubſtituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Which

Which better fits a lion[9], than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who ſhould withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with firy truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears*;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

[9] *Which better fits a lion,*—] The traditions and ſtories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generoſity. Upon the ſuppoſition that theſe acts of clemency were true, Troilus reaſons not improperly, that to ſpare againſt reaſon, by mere inſtinct of pity, became rather a generous beaſt than a wiſe man. JOHNSON.

Hence Spenſer's Una attended by a lion. *Faery Queen*, I. iii. 7. See alſo Sir Perceval's lion in *Morte Arthur*. B. XIV. c. 6. T. WARTON.

* —*with* recourſe *of tears*;] i. e. tears that continue to courſe one another down the face, WARBURTON.

Hect.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Caſ. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear Hector[1].
Look, how thou dy'ſt! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache ſhrills her dolours forth[2]!
Behold, deſtruction, frenzy[3], and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!

Caſ. Farewel. Yet, ſoft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou doſt thyſelf and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewel: The gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!

[*Exeunt ſeverally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

[1] *O farewel, dear Hector;*] The interpoſition and clamorous ſorrow of Caſſandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

[2] —ſhrills *her dolours*, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
"Through all th' abyſs I have *ſhrill'd* thy daughter's loſs,
"With my concave trump." STEEVENS.

[3] *Behold* deſtruction, *frenzy*, &c. So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *deſtruction* ſubſtituted *diſtraction*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. MALONE.

I come

I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve[4].

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other ſide,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ach in my bones, that, unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What ſays ſhe there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[4] According to the quartos 1609, this ſcene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inſerted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players ſhuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unneceſſary repetition of the ſame words, nor have diſmiſſed Pandarus twice in the ſame manner. The concluſion of the piece will fully juſtify the liberty which any future commentator may make in omitting the ſcene here and placing it at the end, where at preſent only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the tranſpoſition propoſed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this ſcene, as well as near the concluſion of the play, (with a very ſlight variation) are theſe:

Pand. Why but hear you—
Tro. Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words —*But hear you*); no abſurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its preſent place, preciſely as it is here given; but the three lines above quoted do not conſtitute any part of the ſcene. For the *repetition* of thoſe three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are anſwerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Between Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums: Excurſions, Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that ſame ſcurvy doting fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that that ſame young Trojan aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O' the other ſide, The policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals[5],—that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, Neſtor; and that ſame dog-fox, Ulyſſes,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They ſet me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm[6], and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come ſleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhouldſt thou take the river Styx, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſ-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMED, *fighting.*

[5] *O' the other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *raſcals*, &c.] But in what ſenſe are Neſtor and Ulyſſes accuſed of being *ſwearing* raſcals? What, or to whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive that *ſneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true ſneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

[6] *—to proclaim barbariſm,*] To ſet up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour[7]?

Ther. No, no:—I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter DIOMED, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou Troilus' horſe[8];
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady Creſſid:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: baſtard Margarelon[9]

[7] *Art thou of blood and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the ſpeech of Diomed:

And am her knight by proof. STEEVENS.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio 1602, p. 122, that a perſon of ſuperior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuſe the combat. REED.

[8] —*take thou Troilus' horſe;*] So, in Lydgate:

" That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force
" At unawares, he caſt down from his *horſe*.
" And gave it to his ſquire for to beare,
" To *Creſſida*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*baſtard Margarelon*] The introduction of a baſtard ſon of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory book of *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

The circumſtance was taken from *Lydgate*, page 194:

" Which when the valiant knight, Margarelon,
" One of king Priam's baſtard children," &c. STEEVENS.

Hath Doreus priſoner;
And ſtands coloſſus-wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed corſes of the kings
Epiſtrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is ſlain:
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or ſlain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers[1]; haſte we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter NESTOR.

Neſt. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the ſnail-pac'd Ajax arm for ſhame.—
There is a thouſand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horſe[2],
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like ſcaled ſculls[3]

Before

[1] —*the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers:—] "Beyonde the royalme of Amaſonne "came an auncyent kynge, wyſe and dyſcreete, named Epyſtrophus, "and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouſe beſte that was call-"ed SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horſe, and to-"fore, a man: this beſte was heery like an horſe, and had his eyen "red as a cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: *this beſte made the Grekes "ſore aferde, and ſlewe many of them with his bowe.*" *The Three Deſtruc-tions of Troy*, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

A very circumſtantial account of this Sagittary is likewiſe to be found in *Lydgate*, page 174. STEEVENS.

[2] —*on* Galathe *his horſe,*] From *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*, is taken this name given to Hector's horſe, THEOBALD.

"And ſought, by all the means he could, to take
"*Galathe*, Hector's horſe," *Lydgate*, p. 175.

John Stevens, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by *Ben Jonſon* in ſome lines prefixed to it) has mounted *Hector* on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſcaled* ſculls, &c.] *Sculls* are great numbers of fiſhes ſwimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *ſhoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The Engliſh Expoſitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. Again, in the 26th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"My ſilver-ſcaled *ſculs* about my ſtreams do ſweep." STEEV.

Scaled means here, diſperſed, put to flight. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *ſcaling*, which was either changed by the poet himſelf to *ſcaled* (with the ſame ſenſe) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the caſe, it is probable that not being ſufficiently acquainted with our authour's manner, who frequently

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy Greeks[4], ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſſ. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus: who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bid him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together.

quently uſes the active for the paſſive participle, he ſuppoſed that the epithet was merely deſcriptive of ſome quality in the thing deſcribed.

The paſſage quoted above from Drayton does not militate againſt this interpretation. There the added epithet *ſilver* ſhews that the word *ſcaled* is uſed in its common ſenſe; as the context here (to ſay nothing of the evidence ariſing from the reading of the oldeſt copy) aſcertains it to have been employed with the leſs uſual ſignification already ſtated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (ſays a late writer) purſues the whiting, which flies before it even to the ſouthern ſhores of Spain. The cachalot, a ſpecies of whale, is ſaid, in the ſame manner, to purſue a ſhoal of herrings, and to ſwallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *Hiſtory of Fiſh*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the ſpecies of whale alluded to by Shakſpeare) is ſo large, that, according to Goldſmith, he could with eaſe ſwallow an ox.

MALONE.

[4] —*the* ſtrawy *Greeks*,] In the folio it is—the *ſtraying* Greeks,—.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, ſhew thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'ſt thon?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I ſay! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'ſt me for my horſe!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; ſtand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon[5].
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks[6]; have at you both.
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

[5] *I will not* look upon.] That is, (as we ſhould now ſpeak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"Why ſtand we here—
"Wailing our loſſes,—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors?"

Theſe lines were written by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[6] —*you cogging Greeks;*] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the authour had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in reſpect of Diomed at leaſt, who had defrauded him of his miſtreſs. Troilus beſtows it on both, *uniuersi ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is ſtill called in the North—*a gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witneſs to this character of the ancient Greeks. "*Teſtimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam iſta natio coluit.*" Again: "*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata ſunt.*" STEEVENS.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngeſt brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again;
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I ſay!
I reck not though I end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in ſumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well[7];
I'll

[7] *—I like thy armour well;*] This circumſtance, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is taken from Lydgate's poem, B. III. Sign. S ii. I quote from the original, 1555:

" —in this while a Grekiſh king he mette,
" Were it of hap or of adventure,
" The which in ſothe on his cote armoure
" Embrouded had full many ryche ſtone,
" That gave a lyght, when the ſonne ſhone,
" Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to ſene,
" For perles white and emerawdes grene
" Full many one were therein ſette.—
" Of whoſe arraye when Hector taketh hede,
" Towardes him faſt gan him drawe.
" And fyrſt I fynde how he hath him ſlawe,
" And after that by force of his manheade
" He hent him up afore him on his ſtede,
" And faſt gan wyth him for to ryde

" From

I'll fruſh it[8], and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it:—Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I ſay.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelf in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your arms[9].

Follow

" From the wardes a lytell out of ſyde,
" At good leyſer playnly, if he maye,
" To ſpoyle him of his rych arraye.—
" On horſe-backe out whan he him ladde,
" Reckleſsly the ſtorye maketh mynde
" He caſte his ſhelde at his backe behynde,
" To weld him ſelfe at more libertye,—
" So that his breſt diſarmed was and bare." MALONE.

This furniſhed Shakſpeare with a hint for the following line:

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek. STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll* fruſh *it,*] The word *fruſh* I never found elſewhere, nor underſtand it. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruiſe*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the word is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which Shakſpeare certainly had before him, when he wrote this play:

" Saying theſe wordes, Hercules caught by the head, poor Lychas, —and threw him againſt a rocke ſo fiercely that hee to *fruſhed* and all to-burſt his bones, and ſo ſlew him."

Again, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date: " —ſmote him ſo courageouſly with his ſworde, that he *fruſhed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward," &c.

The latter quotation was produced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Hanmer's explanation appears to be right, and the word *fruſh*, in this ſenſe, to be derived from the French verb *froiſſer*, to bruize, or break to pieces. MASON.

[9] —*execute your* arms.] Thus all the copies; but ſurely we ſhould read—*aims*. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of the amendment propoſed by Mr. Steevens. The Myrmidons had no *aims* to execute. To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to uſe. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Othello*, where Iago ſays,

" Witneſs

Follow me, ſirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The ſame.

Enter MENELAUS, *and* PARIS, *fighting; then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd ſparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: —'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A baſtard ſon of Priam's.

Ther. I am a baſtard too; I love baſtards: I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: if the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, baſtard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Reſt, ſword; thou haſt thy fill of blood and death!

[*puts off his helmet and hangs his ſhield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the ſun begins to ſet:
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

" Witneſs that here Iago doth give up
" The *execution* of his wit, *hands*, heart,
" To wrong'd Othello's ſervice."

And in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Roſaline ſays to Biron,

" Full of compariſons and wounding flouts,
" Which you on all eſtates will execute." MASON.

Even with the vail[1] and dark'ning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek[2].

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike[3]; this is the man I ſeek.
[Hector *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain[4] [*A retreat ſounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

[1] *Even with the* vail—] The *vail* is, I think, the *ſinking* of the ſun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

[2] *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been incloſed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horſe's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was miſinformed; for in the old ſtory-book of *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*, I find likewiſe the ſame account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, ſeems to have been indebted to ſome ſuch work as Hanmer mentions.

" Had puiſſant Hector by Achilles' hand
" Dy'd in a ſingle monomachie, Achilles
" Had been the worthy; but being ſlain by odds,
" The pooreſt Myrmidon had as much honour
" As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleaſant to obſerve with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the groſſeſt manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book:

" Oh thou, *Homer*, for ſhame be now red,
" And thee amaſe that holdeſt thy ſelfe ſo wyſe,
" On Achylles to ſet ſuch greata pryſe
" In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,
" Above echone that doſt hym magnyſye,
" That was ſo ſleyghty and ſo full of fraude,
" Why geveſt thou hym ſo hye a prayſe and laude?"

STEEVENS.

[3] *Strike, fellows, ſtrike;*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old ſtory-book. HANMER.

[4] *On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,*
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain.]
Ηράμεθα μέγα κῦδος, ἐπεφνομεν Εκτορα δῖον,
Ὦ, Τρῶες, κατα αστυ, θεω ὥς, εὐχετόωντο. IL. X. MALONE.

Achil.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth,
And, ſtickler-like[6], the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*ſheathes his ſword.*
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The ſame.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Within. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is—Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles,
Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be ſent,
To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

[6] *And, ſtickler-like,*] A *ſtickler* was one who ſtood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodſhed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. "Anthony (ſays Sir *Tho. North* in his tranſlation of Plutarch) was himſelf in perſon *a ſtickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *ſticklers*, from carrying ſticks or ſtaves in their hands, with which they interpoſed between the duelliſts. We now call theſe *ſticklers—ſideſmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not fit that every apprentice ſhould with his ſhop-"club play between us the *ſtickler* 'twixt my heart and him."
STEEVENS.

Minſheu gives the ſame etymology, in his DICT. 1617: "A *ſtickler* betweene two, ſo called as putting a *ſtick* or ſtaffe betweene two fighting or fencing together." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
Never go home[7]; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus

Tro Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy[8]!
I ſay, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Tro. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a ſcreech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and ſay there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

[7] *Never go home,* &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

[8] —ſmile *at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the reſt of Troilus's wiſh, were we to read:

——*ſmite* at Troy,
I ſay, at once! STEEVENS.

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakſpeare had the Pſalmiſt in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven ſhall laugh them to ſcorn; the Lord ſhall have them in deriſion." Pſ. ii. 4. "The Lord ſhall laugh him to ſcorn; for he hath ſeen that his day is coming." Pſ. xxxvii. 13. In the paſſage before us, (he adds) "the heavens are the miniſters of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the Gods themſelves *ſmile at Troy*; they hold Troy *in deriſion, for they ſee its day is coming.*" MALONE.

Cold

Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other ſide,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey[9]! ignomy and ſhame[1]
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit* Tro.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a' work, and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo loved[2], and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—Let me ſee:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting;
And being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted clothes.

[9] *Hence*, broker *lacquey!*] Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *brother*, which in the third was changed to *brothel*.

Broker in our authour's time ſignified a bawd of either ſex. So, in *King John*:

"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c.
MALONE.

[1] —ignomy *and ſhame*] *Ignomy* was uſed in our authour's time for *ignominy*. MALONE.

[2] —*lov'd*,—] Quarto; *deſir'd* folio. JOHNSON.

As many as be here of pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester[3] would hiss:

[3] *Some galled goose of Winchester*—] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester. Pope.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays of which my negligence has lost the title:

"Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in *Henry* the Third's days, and many *French* women coming out of the Isle of *Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in town," &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "—the famous school of England call'd Wincheſter, famous, I mean, for the *goose*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan*:

"——this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
"That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,
"Bred on the *Bank* in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd her mystery."

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

"There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,
"That blewe these women over the ryver,
"In wherye, as I wyll you tell:
"Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
"And many in *Holborne* were sonnde,
"Some at saynt *Gyles* I trowe:
"Also in *Ave Maria Ally*, and at *Westmenster*;
"And some in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,
"With grete lamentacyon;
"And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
"They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile, "As common as *Coleman Hedge*:" now *Coleman-street*. Steevens.

Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders a *Winchester Goose*, by *pudendagra*. Malone.

Some *galled Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. Mason.

Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes[4]. [*Exit.*

[4] This play is more correctly written than moſt of Shakſpeare's compoſitions, but it is not one of thoſe in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully diſplayed. As the ſtory abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diverſified his characters with great variety, and preſerved them with great exactneſs. His vicious characters ſometimes diſguſt, but cannot corrupt, for both Creſſida and Pandarus are deteſted and contemned. The comick characters ſeem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the ſuperficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiouſly filled and powerfully impreſſed. Shakſpeare has in his ſtory followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therſites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had publiſhed his verſion of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The firſt ſeven books of Chapman's *Homer* were publiſhed in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the moſt honoured new living inſtance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Eſſexe, Earl Marſhall, &c.* and an anonymous Interlude, called THERSYTES *his Humours and Conceits*, had been publiſhed in 1598. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Therſites* was, I believe, publiſhed long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece,—"Therſites *his humours and conceits*;" for no ſuch words are found in the catalogue publiſhed in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have ſeen it. MALONE.

There are more hard, bombaſtical phraſes in the ſerious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other ſix Plays of *Shakſpeare*. Take the following ſpecimens:—*Tortive,—perſiſtive,—protractive,—importleſs,—inſiſture,—deracinate, dividable*. And in the next Act,—*paſt-proportion,—unreſpective,—propugnation,—ſelf-aſſumption,—ſelf-admiſſion,—aſſubjugate,—kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.